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HIGH TIMES

No. 73 September '81

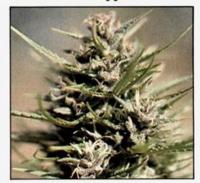
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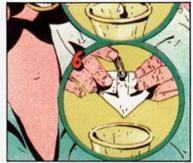
Black Tuna:
The Gang That Couldn't
Deal Straight
by Michael Roymolds

by Michael Reynolds
They came from Philadelphia
to smuggle big-time
marijuana: an ex-blender
salesman and a used-car
dealer. But their planes kept
crashing and their boats kept
sinking, until they finally
drove themselves out of
business. A year later the
attorney general called them
"the biggest drug ring busted
in the history of the United
States". What happened?



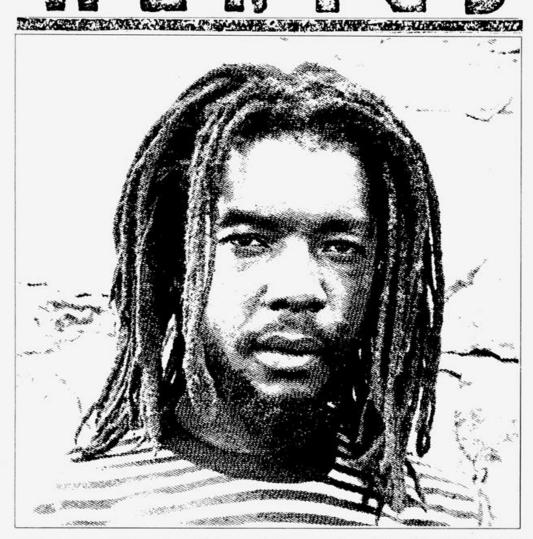
Special Grow American/Centerfold: J. Budwell & Co. And now a word from those good people who bring you the

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The Acetone Wash by David Lee
This month's "Cocaine Confidential" takes the sting out of bad blow.

PETER TOSH



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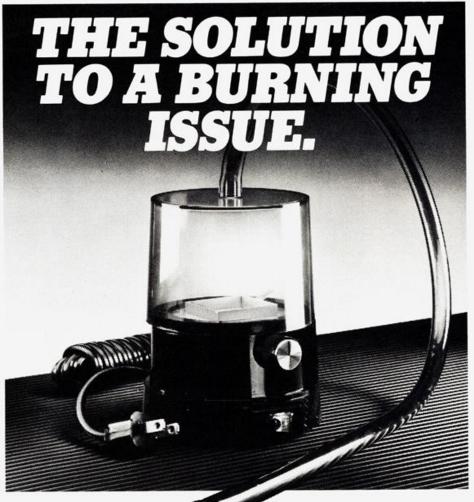
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AN OPEN LETTER TO JERRY GARCIA

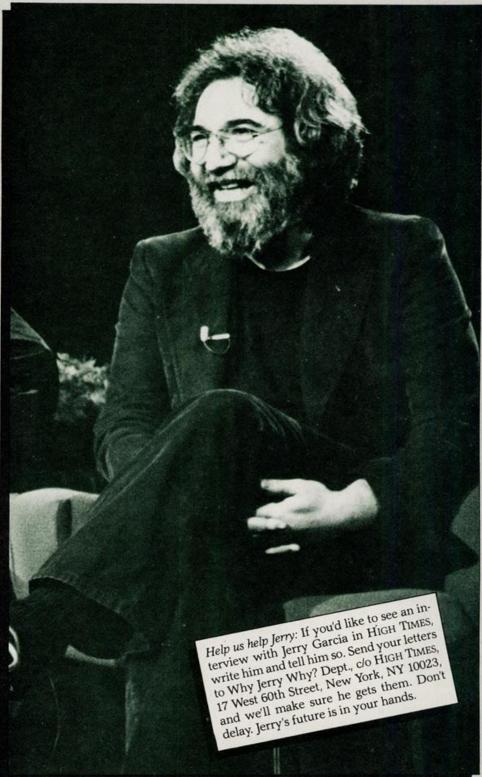
Dear Jerry,

Why won't you talk to us? Mick Jagger talked to us, and so did Bob Marley and Norman Mailer. Even G. Gordon fuckin' Liddy, the guy who organized the DEA and came up with Operation Intercept—even our worst, most deadly enemies, have talked to us.

You talked to Tom Snyder. You did a whole show with Tom Snyder. Do you think that Tom Snyder ever waited outside the Fillmore Auditorium or Madison Square Garden with a head pumped full of acid singing "Riding that train, high on cocaine..." over and over and over again? You bet your Stratocaster he didn't.

But forget that. Forget about the dozens of pathetic little messages we sent backstage to you. Forget about your old buddy from the Prankster days, Paul Krassner, who we sent to your house only to be told by a Chicano cleaning lady with a rag on her head that you'd moved. Forget about our publisher, Andy Kowl, who as a youth did severe and permanent damage to his larynx, screaming "Dark Star" across the continental United States, and who now sits alone in his office holding his head in his hands, muttering, "Why, why, why?" Forget all that shit. And think about "Capt. Tripps." Remember him? The old Jerry would have talked to HIGH TIMES. Pigpen would have seen to that.

What's happened? Is it something we've said, or something you've smoked? What's wrong with us? Have not HIGH TIMES readers feelings? If you prick us, will we not bleed? Are we not fed by the same food and driven to boogie down by the same guitar licks as viewers of the "Tomorrow" show? Why have you hardened your heart against us? Jerry, we swear by the four remaining fingers of your right hand that we wish you no harm. All we want is for you to like us—and give us an interview.



Hashes

For Whom the Pipe Tokes

Three tokes off my pipe for Antonio Huneeus and his article "Colombia's Blueprint for Legalization." He could, though, have extended his arguments to the United States, where licensing and taxing pot dealers would make far more economic sense than spending money on jail space for them. Also, three tokes off my pipe for Dean Latimer's case against high-THC weed. While (with the exception of lamb's bread) I disagreed with his taste in weed, he helped me understand why I dislike hash oil. Lastly, one toot from my coke spoon for Dr. Aldrich's views on snorting. Though now I agree with his comments on dosage, I first had to get sick in the nose, stomach and pocket before I saw the light. All in all I caught a pleasant buzz from the April issue.

> -Baybee Nono San Francisco, Cal.

Drugs in Prison

I am writing in regards to the article in your June 1981 issue called "Grass in the Joint." Mr. Dawes has some fallacies in his article and needs to be corrected. Now I am not the end all and be all of information about this subject, but I feel I am qualified to question Mr. Dawes. I am presently a civilian employee at Ohio's maximum security prison. Any more information about myself would put me in jeopardy from both inmates and guards.

To begin with, I do agree with Mr. Dawes about the ability to get drugs in prison but I disagree with the source of said drugs. To an extent the drugs do come in through the visiting room and more than likely the medium securities have a higher rate coming in than we do. Anyone coming into or out of this institution is subject to a strip search. An inmate must go through a strip search after each visit. Now under these conditions some drugs may get by, but very few do. Also if a visitor is suspected of bringing drugs, or just for harassment, they can be denied entry for a visit. For example, one inmate had a visit from his mother; a roach was found in her purse and she was immediately taken off the man's visiting list. The man was told this action would be enforced until those in power decided otherwise. The man's mother was the only person he had on his visiting list.

Unless a drug is taken in the visiting room, it is somewhat hard to get something in, but not impossible. The biggest source of supply here is employees. Ohio does have a low rate of pay for all state employees and smuggling is a good way to make ends meet. To add to this the warden and his authorities very seldom prosecute anyone unless they dislike the employee or

wish to make an example of him or her. Often nothing more than a warning and a "you owe me one" is done.

There are a couple of major reasons certain persons want to keep drugs in this prison. The first is that a drugged inmate is usually very docile. This is one reason alcohol is disliked; the inmate becomes hard to handle when told to do something. The second

reason is for harassment. If an inmate becomes too much of a powerful figure, he is put in the hole for "contraband." One thing is true, though. Mr. Dawes is correct that anything you want can be purchased as long as you have the money to pay the inflated price.

—The Lizard
????, Ohio

HIGH TIMES ASKS ITSELF:

What Drugs Are You Doing This Month?



LARRY SLOMAN, EDITORIAL DIRECTOR

As editorial director, it's imperative that I allocate six or seven hours of each working day for being with famous people, if not personally (God forbid), then via telephonic communication. But after a full day of "Slomanizing," my armpits are quite damp and I'm liable to offend. So I hose down with FDS and then it's back to Elaine's.



ADRIANE BARONE, ART DIRECTOR
Angel dust. With a head full of hog I'm
on top of the world. Everything gets
done at the office and it's like I'm not
even there. I only just hope that I don't
pick up the paper one morning and read
that I've butchered my staff—that
would bring me down, man.



JEFF TIEDRICH,
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR
Uh...do you mean like only the drugs
I've taken this month while in human
form, or does it count when I project
myself into dog bodies?



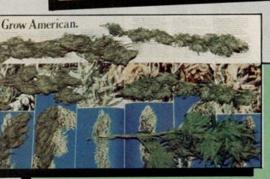
DEAN LATIMER, SORDID AFFAIRS EDITOR

I'm strictly into natural highs. No chemicals involved, or plants or herbs or mushrooms or any of those poisons. I score pure synthetic beta-endorphin, diverted out of behavioral-research labs. And when I start to get strung out on it, I switch over to pure melanocyte-stimulating hormone; it turns your skin a little dusky, but it clears the B end out right quick. Then on weekends, for special kicks, I do gamma-endorphin: lay out there stiff as a board for a half hour, hallucinating way out to Alpha Centauri and back. I expect to personally encounter the Great Manitou any day now.

The scotch? What's this quart of Dewar's doing here? Oh, it must have been left here by somebody. How strange, I just now noticed it myself. No, no, I better keep it, somebody might come back for it....

Two Cheers for Canada

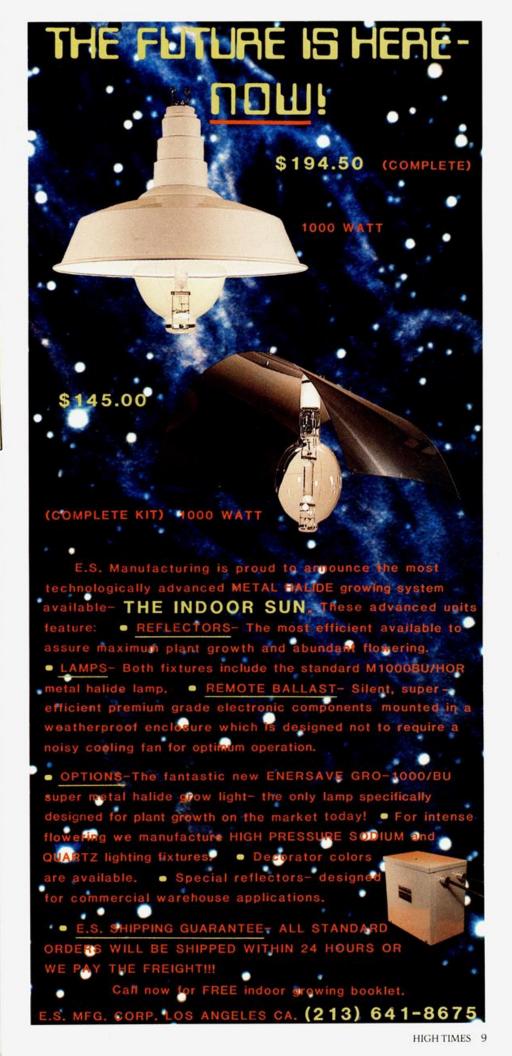
Previously referred to in these pages as a "bunch of blubber-sucking lumberjacks" [April '81], and then just last month as a 'nation of sap-sucking seal murderers," some of our neighbors to the north have gotten it into their heads that we don't like them. Au contraire. Why, then, would we be telling you about Brampton, Ontario, judge Kenneth Langdon, who in an enlightened display of Canadian jurisprudence ruled that the "severity of the consequences might outweigh the nature of the offense" and gallantly dismissed drug charges against veteran Hollywood actor Sterling Hayden. Hayden, who was charged with possession of hashish, was busted in Toronto International Airport when customs officials discovered 30 grams of contraband in his suitcase. Now if they'd only legalize HIGH TIMES...



Righteous Growers

You people pay too much attention to California and its growers. We here in the sandhills of North Carolina can do it just as good or better than the farmers out West. We are not a bunch of dumb clods with shit between our toes. Many of our growers have college degrees in horticulture and years of on-the-job growing experience. But we don't like to brag about such minor achievements like our West Coast counterparts, whose product, I should add, is overpriced and overrated. Here's a picture of an Afghani strain we've established that's been going for \$20 a gram-with no complaints. One last word: As harvest time approaches, many pot poachers and assorted scum will be in for a little "sidewalk justice" around here. Growers who were ripped last year are arming themselves and booby-trapping their patches with devices ranging from punji-stake pits to U.S. government-issue fragmentation and white phosphorus hand grenades. Have a nice day.

-The Wizzard Rat Moore County, N.C.



Hashes

Touche

I am what you call a "pill-pushing sleazeweasel" ["Flashes," June '81]. I would like to tell you I have never tried to rip anyone off by selling my products as black beauties or anything else. Like any other kind of drug, people get greedy. So why put us all in one category, which from reading your article I see you have a tendency to do.

And now your magazine, after collecting many, many thousands of dollars from people like myself who have advertised in HIGH TIMES, are calling us pill-pushing sleaze-weasels. It sure seems okay when you are cashing our checks for these ads.

-Denise Organ

D&E Pharmaceuticals Co.

West Milford, N.J.

Looking at You

Imagine, if you will, inviting some shitass to place shit in the bong you want to smoke from.

Imagine, if you prefer, Dutch Cleanser mixed into your cocaine.

Feces in the hash: That's how we feel about gawkers at the nude beach.

With your stupid page 73, June issue ["Pleasures"], you encourage the gawkers. Well, may you live in your clothes all summer for that disgusting piece of poor judg-

Wet for You

We like to keep our bushes damp down here in Florida, drought or no drought.

—L. Fuller Lantana, Fla.

Indeed, there is nothing worse than a dry bush-Ed.

ment, or is it poor values? —Lee Baxandall

Author, World Guide
to Nude Beaches and Recreation

Imagine someone publishing a pictorial guide to the world's nude beaches for those closet voyeurists too timid to skulk through the dunes themselves.

Imagine someone so sanctimonious as to pretend his "book" was to be sold only to practicing nudists and not to clothes-wearing peeping Toms at large.

Imagine someone with the balls (nicely suntanned) to then spew contrived indignation at those with the impudence to treat the religion of nakedness with something less than total reverence. Here's looking at you, kid.—Ed.

How High Is Highest?

I have read a lot of good literature on growing marijuana. I know the better marijuana grows in the high country (no pun intended), but at what land elevation does it grow best?

—Curious Grower

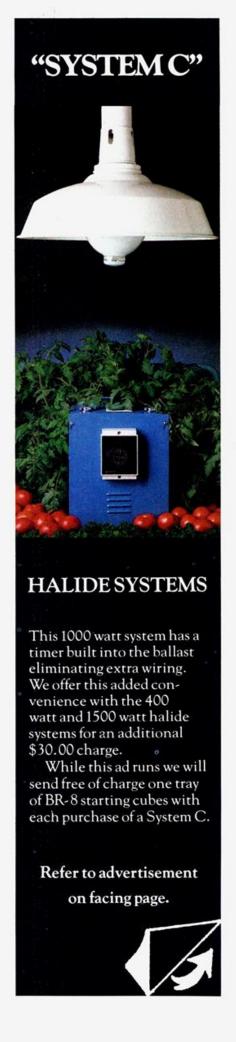
Ohio

Whatever you've been reading, obviously you should take it with a grain of hash-snuff. It's true a lot of the most historically notorious strains of Cannabis sativa L. have been grown high up in the mountains—Afghani indica, Moroccan kif, Sierra Mex and so on—but that's just because the lowlands in those places tend to be infested with "civilized" narcs working for governments that are continually at war with the mountain folks. Actually, grass grows just as fine in Louisiana bayou bottomland, just as potent and plentiful, as it grows in the Colorado Rockies. "This plant," Woody Guthrie could've sung, "was made for you and me."

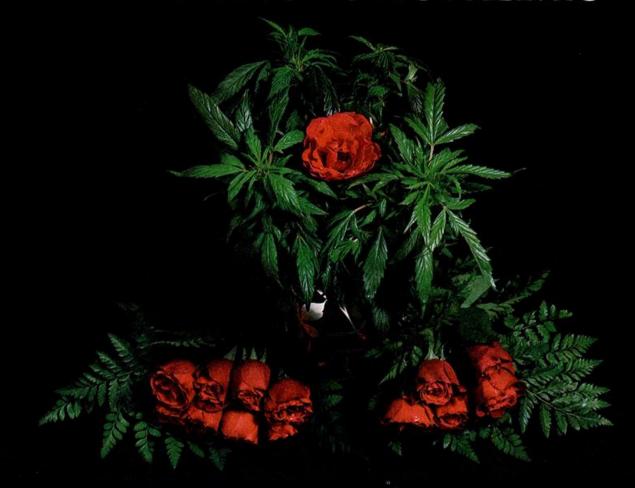
The trick is to have good seeds. If you've got good Colombian seeds, you will get good Colombian bushes if you plant 'em in Cincinnati dogshit window boxes, even. The seeds of descendant generations will actually acclimate themselves to the land and weather conditions. For a number of generations the seeds may tend to grow stronger plants and yield a highergrade smoke. Research, though, shows no absolutes for the adaptability of different strains to various climates. Your best bet is to read the available literature, experiment with different varieties, and care.

Yet Another Buddy Remembers

Having just completed reading Tom Baker's remembrance of Jim and Pamela Morrison, my heart fills once again with great sadness for the tragedy of their life and loves. When I first met Jim in mid 1969 his appearance was already shockingly bloated and unhealthy; he was painfully quiet and inarticulate when sober and obnoxiously loud and terrifying when not. One of my most frightening memories of the Morrisons was the



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day the two had a horrible fight. Later that evening Pam returned home to find that Jim had hung her beloved pet cat and left its body dangling just above their bed. Now ten years later I'm faced with the Jim Morrison I never knew. No, haunted by him, that's a better word.

> -Travis Michael Holder North Hollywood, Cal.



Claudia Long, director of promotion and public information, has been with HIGH TIMES for two years. It's her job to keep the straight media, along with the public at large, continually aware of the vital role that HIGH TIMES has played and is playing in disseminating accurate information about a variety of subjects, recreational drugs not being the least of them. A lover of the great outdoors, Claudia likes nothing better than to get away from the city on weekends, and spend each Saturday and Sunday snarfling for truffles.

High in the Sky

Five hundred feet above a fashionable West Lake Tahoe ski resort and HIGH TIMES is there. I'm there, too. I'm the one in the hat, reading the magazine. -Foster B. Holmes Lake Tahoe, Nev.



Couldn't help but notice, Foster old boy, the unique placement of your dog's left paw. Heh, heh. Did you have to train him to do that or what? Just asking for a friend.—Dean Latimer, Sordid Affairs Ed.

Haspes

Interview with David Johansen

As lead singer and mastermind of the New York Dolls, David Johansen was among some of the most influential musicians of the last decade. Though the Dolls never had a Top 40 hit, what they did in the early '70s in rock clubs around the country was eventually picked up and elaborated on and—voilà—punk was born. After the breakup of the Dolls, Johansen began a solo career and has since released a number of successful albums. His latest is Here Comes the Night on BlueSky/CBS Records.

HIGH TIMES: Some people consider you a "culture hero." What does that mean to you? JOHANSEN: I don't know. As opposed to what? An athletic hero or something? I don't know if I have much to do with culture. Do you mean as a chronologist of the culture or something? I don't know if I could be objective about something like that. Anyway, I don't think of myself like that.

HIGH TIMES: How do you consider yourself?
JOHANSEN: That's a big question. I consider
myself a lot of ways. But not in heroic terms.
HIGH TIMES: Did you always know you
wanted to be a musician?

JOHANSEN: I guess—since I was about fourteen or fifteen.

HIGH TIMES: What did you think about being before that age?

JOHANSEN: Different jobs, all the time. A

different one every two days.

HIGH TIMES: But you decided on being a rock 'n' roll star.

JOHANSEN: Well, I consider myself a rock 'n' roll singer, not a rock 'n' roll star. I don't really like that expression. It sounds pretentious. It sounds very L.A.

HIGH TIMES: Well, everybody else thinks of you as a rock 'n' roll star.

JOHANSEN: Well, there's people I consider rock 'n' roll stars, but I wouldn't want to be a rock 'n' roll star.

HIGH TIMES: What other reason are you doing this for?

JOHANSEN: This is my life's work. This is what I do for a living. I think anybody who considers himself a rock 'n' roll star is in a lot of trouble.

HIGH TIMES: Some of the ex-Dolls admit

Marcia Resnick

that they were hooked on drugs. Why didn't it happen to you? Not that it had to just because you were associated with them, but what did you do differently?

JOHANSEN: Drugs are many things to many people. If drugs are your life, drugs are your life.

HIGH TIMES: But they're not yours.

IOHANSEN: No, of course not.

HIGH TIMES: Are there any drugs that you like?

JOHANSEN: Well, I like a nice glass of warm milk before I go to bed. Drugs have their place in everybody's life. You can use drugs for medicinal purposes, or you can just use drugs to sort of blot out reality as you perceive it or whatever. But reality is something that can be perceived on many levels. And if you just perceive it on drugs all the time, it becomes a less dimensional existence. Drugs are just one level. You shouldn't just limit yourself to perceiving things on drugs all the time.

HIGH TIMES: What's your life like on the road? Do you go out after shows and pick up girls and do all of that?

JOHANSEN: No. Sometimes we go out dancing. Sometimes we go out and eat Chinese food.

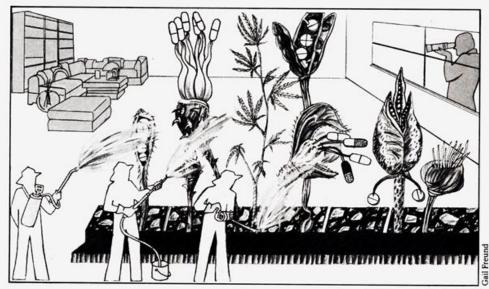
HIGH TIMES: Do you like being on the road? JOHANSEN: I just accept the fact that I have to go on the road. It's my job so I'm not going to be obsessed with hating it. I make the most of it. Performing is like the best time of the day when you're on the road, because you do your show. But the other times can get a bit tedious.

HIGH TIMES: What kind of feelings do you get when you get up onstage? Do you throw up or ever get sick?

JOHANSEN: No, no. When I'm performing, I kind of go on a trip. Something just takes continued on page 71



GETTING OFF



Harvest Boom

by Michael Stepanian

It's just about harvest time and everybody from the fat cats leasing the land to the nerd selling the little ceramic pots is standing around waiting for his or her cut: the camouflage people, the greenhouse people, bar owners, hardware-store owners, the seed people. Even the government is working the beat: 'copter and airplane pilots, cops, the Sinsemilla Strike Force, the attorney general, the D.A.s—everybody up and down the line has their hands out and eyes closed, just so some people can sit back and smoke a little pot. Sure it stinks, but it's the only game in town.

That being the case, the question arises: What can they seize? We know from Lorenzana v. Superior Court that the authorities can't step on land that is clearly marked PRIVATE PROPERTY, like a bunch of peeping Toms. When trespassing, police can't sneak a peek ("Sorry, but I just love horticulture. Mind if I check out the greenhouse?") and in California they can't look into people's garbage cans.

So we start out with a right to privacy. Katz v. United States says that you can't put a bug on the outside of a telephone booth to listen in. In a phone booth you may have no reasonable expectation of privacy from being seen but you do from being heard. Katz, in effect, said that the 4th Amendment protects people, not places. Doctrines like no privacy in "open fields" were discarded. Or so it seemed. Out went the idea of technical trespass on private property. The question

became one of Were the police in a place where it's reasonable for them to be? If John grows marijuana in his backyard and it's visible from the street or the walkway where the meter reader goes, there's no reasonable expectation of privacy. But if the backyard is enclosed by high bushes and the public (deliverymen, etc.) isn't allowed, John's expectation of privacy is reasonable and he's cool. So on *private* roads and driveways there had better be gates, and signs saying NO TRESPASSING, BEWARE ATTACK DOGS, LEAVE ME ALONE, TRESPASSERS WILL BE VIOLATED.

What about aerial searches: Is plane view plain view? The bottom line currently is that the law is generally terrible about aerial surveillance. In California the law started out sounding good: You had an expectation of privacy in the airspace. The courts recognized the ominous Big Brother nature of U-2 planes spying on us. But then they shifted to something called the "common habits of mankind." Farmers growing wheat and corn don't expect privacy, so why should it be different if your crop is marijuana? The latest California Court of Appeals case says that only a hothouse or other cover can protect you from aerial surveillance. Binoculars and other sophisticated equipment is okay, as long as it's not being used to peer indoors. So if you know someone in an urban setting and a helicopter comes down so low that it's scaring everyone, well, they might be cool. But in the forests or in fields they

better have a roof, because the Sinsemilla Task Force is getting ready to fly around looking for those big ripe plants. They go get a warrant and say, "I can recognize marijuana because I've taken classes; I've seen it from the air a hundred times." The old question Is it Cannabis sativa or Cannabis indica? doesn't matter anymore.

Indoor growing. Neat, huh? No helicopters, no planes, no punks ripping the plants oft then getting busted by the cops and spilling their guts to avoid prosecution. Fat City. Not really. Neighbors are by definition nosy. So while it may be possible to talk your way around those enormous lamps you've been stockpiling in your house ("I read a lot"), once you start schlepping in those 50-pound bags of fertilizer things are going to look suspicious.

Things are going to get a lot tougher—for everyone. The right of privacy isn't going to count for much when police have informants all over the place. Everybody will be talking-punk real-estate agents will be telling who bought what, with what and what for. Search warrants are going to be conclusionary (anyone will be able to say they saw marijuana in so and so's backyard, and a warrant will be issued). Remember Reagan's mandate. It's my own personal opinion that if things keep going the way they are, the domestic use of paraquat is not too far off. Says L.A. police chief Daryl Gates: "Why should the people of California continue to spend so much money on marijuana eradication, paying for armies of drug-enforcement agents to go in and harvest these crops, when paraquat can do it quickly and easily?" The writing's on the wall.

And if this isn't enough, Congress has been asked to lift the 110-year-old ban on military assistance to civilian law-enforcement agencies, allowing the use of U.S. spy planes, satellites and God knows what else to run surveillance on suspected marijuana growers and smugglers.

Sure, there are some enlightened individuals, like Mendocino County D.A. Joseph Allen, who recognize the absurdity of dumping growers into prisons already overcrowded with people convicted of committing violent crimes. But for every Joseph Allen there's a gung-ho George Deukmejian (attorney general for the state of California) itching to call out the Sinsemilla Strike Force—guys who eat and breathe warrants, arrests and convictions.

So, ladies and gentlemen, a rather interesting situation arises whereby the government forces people to go underground because they have no right of privacy unless they're doing things that are criminal in nature. Stop shaking your heads. Forewarned is forearmed—the next plant you grow may not be your own.

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JOIN THE CELEBRATION!

TH ANNIVERSARY CONTROLL (S)

NORML turned ten this year, and we're asking you to join in the celebration. Ten years have seen a majority of Americans now favoring the reduction of criminal penalties for marijuana; 50 million Americans having tried pot, with 20 million regular users. There is strength in our numbers. Enough people are reading this message to get the marijuana laws off our backs once and for all. Won't you join in celebrating how far we've come, and reaffirming our commitment to end the marijuana prohibition this decade.

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CONNOISSEUR

HIGH BY ANY OTHER

Did this ever happen to you? You're at a party having a great time when somebody brings out a beautiful, fragrant cola of fresh Oaxacan. You know the kind of Oaxacan I mean, that bright-eyed, brisk and breezy buzz that energizes you, makes you want to get up and dance or make your own kind of music. So you're smoking away, happily thinking about asking that merry-eyed young woman over there to get out on the floor with you, when some supercool pseudo gives out with a long sigh, wearily gazes at the burnt-out roach and says, "Man, I'm wrecked."

Wrecked: What a lousy word to describe how you feel. But then two or three others in the group feel obliged to nod solemnly and chime in: "Yeah, man, wasted." "Paralyzed."

I hate that kind of talk. I think it betrays the essence of the cannabis experience, and, even worse, it spoils the party. I think it's time that-just as we get more selective about the kind of grass we smoke-we get more choosy about the words we use to describe the effect.

Because the way in which we speak about the high can affect the experience of the high, certain words can become selffulfilling prophesies. On the most obvious level, if you constantly choose to call yourself "wrecked" and "wasted" when you smoke dope, it's likely those words themselves and all their wrung-out and drained associations will flavor-some might say pollute-the stream of consciousness with their connotations.

The true cannabis connoisseur is not merely a judge of burning vegetable matter; heor she-is primarily a connoisseur of consciousness. An articulator of the inarticulate, he must make what T.S. Eliot called a "raid upon the unknowable" and then come back with more than a satisfied smile, a shiteating grin: He has to describe the high in words. Most people I run into out there who think they could be connoisseurs, who've smoked a lot of dope and think they can tell the difference between dirtweed and lamb's bread, are, to put it kindly, either too illiterate or too inarticulate to do it. They may have as much smoking experience as yours truly, but-to be a little snobbish about it-they lack the subtleties of thought and language that have earned the connoisseur-among other honors-a Beta Kappa from Yale, Honors with Highest Distinction in English literature, and other such recognitions of the refinements of his taste.

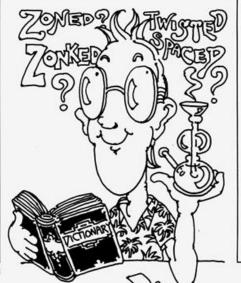
With all that in mind, I think it's time that the Connoisseur lead a movement to refine the language with which we speak of the marijuana high.

So let's examine some of the common expressions used to describe the feeling of being high and see which ones pass the Connoisseur's test:

Fucked Up: As in "Wow, am I fucked up by this reefer." This one's okay if done in a certain lighthearted way. But too often you hear it in the sullen accents of people who were terminally fucked up before they started smoking, and it's a little scary. In a sense it reduces the subtle distinction between elevated altered states and crude stupid ones like the kind you get from drugs like PCP and alcohol-drugs that really fuck you up.

Blown Away: As in "This shit really blows me away." Both too passive and too violent. A synonym for being murdered by mob hit men, while colorful, just isn't the best mood enhancer. The suggestion of blowing yourself away-suicide by smoke, Marihuana: Assassin of Youth and all that reefer madness -is too unpleasant. Face it: If you get totally blown away by grass, you were probably too lightweight to start out with.

Righteous: Okay, but only for Rastas with dreads and no green cards. Or maybe if you're the son of a born-again Moral Majority preacher, then you can say "getting truly righteous." Otherwise it sounds too pretentious.



High: Certainly has a kind of simplicity and directness going for it. Everybody seems to relate to the many stratospheres of meaning that might be implicit in the word: from cloud level to low earth orbit to galactic, hyperspace, light-year leaps in consciousness. Has a certain spiritual overtone going for it. I never liked the language of the I Ching (all that talk about "the Superior Man does this," "the Superior Man knows that"-get out of here with that Superior Mandarin stuff) until a Chinese woman explained to me that a more sensitive translation of the I Ching than the stuffy Princeton edition would call "the Superior Man" "the High Person." Suddenly it made sense. Not superior in the sense of caste or class, but superior in terms of vision, someone having a higher perspective, an ability to recognize a situation, take an action, from a position of greater wisdom. I think that's the essence of being high in the best sense: getting in touch with the wisdom of the body, of the heart and the spirit. Seeing things from that perspective whether it's the wonder of a merry-eyed woman or the wild rapture of the Psalms. If I were a Rasta I'd go on about the wisdom of calling grass "wisdom weed," but alas, I'm not, it would be too pretentious, so we'll go on to-whew, I was smoking some of that wild West Virginia wisdom weed while writing that definition of getting high, it really gets you fucked up, I mean high, but yes, we'll go on to...

Ripped: Sorry, but here's another of "R".'s no-no words. It's got all the wrong connotations. Too passive/too violent again. There's a classic moment in the James M. Cain novel The Postman Always Rings Twice when the hot-blooded diner girl says to the horny drifter, "Rip me. Rip me." So maybe getting ripped is sexy for women to say when they're getting high. But there's, well, too much edge to it, too much of a Jack the Ripper taint to the word, to make it pleasant for all but extraordinary occasions.

Spaced Out: Mixed feelings on this. There is, well, a certain metaphysical aptness to it that is undeniable while under the influence of, say, some Buddha sticks. One does do some space travel in certain sorts of highs. But my feeling is that spaced out has been degraded by too much sloppy usage. When someone who's turning his brain to curds and whey on PCP or alcohol is called "spaced out," then the phrase has lost all validity for the special subtleties of the marijuana experience. It's so often associated with fuzzy thinking even by people who aren't fuzzy thinkers that it may be terminally

continued on page 105

Kimble Mead



SCANDALS, BUSTS, AND DEEDS OF DERRING-DO

★ FINAL ★

LATEST DOPEPRICES

> Sept. '81 No. 73

LEGISLATIVE BULLETIN:

ANTIDRUG HYSTERIA LOOMS IN CONGRESS

BY CHARLES WINSTON-LEVY HIGH TIMES WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Rep. Charles Bennett



Rep. Billy Lee Evans

UCH ACTION ON THE HILL OVER ANTIdrug legislation: Three bills, recently smuggled into the halls of Congress, fulfill the dreams of the newly coalesced "reefer madness" lobby and the nightmares of American heads. At a

time when dealing with America's multiplicity of real problems—concerning the economy, energy and foreign policy-would take more time than any legislative body has, the lawmakers have opted to confront the burning issues of drug paraphernalia, paraquat and the use of military equipment and personnel for domestic drug interdiction.

Imagine this: In early May a

continued on page 26



Sen. John Tower

JAMAICAN LEY SHOWS **VER OF GANJA**

STORY ON PAGE 21



BOLIVIAN UPDATE:

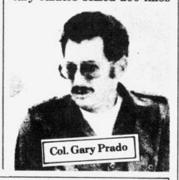
CHAOS IN COCAINE COUNTRY

PAZ, BOLIVIA

S FORECAST IN AUGUST'S HIGH TIMES (See "Co-caine Colonialism: How the Fascists Took Over Bolivia"), a series of high-level plots and attempted coups have finally forced Pres. Luis Garcia Meza toofficially announce his resignation. At press time, Bolivia's council of generals has not announced his successor, but he is expected to assume power on August 6. The Garcia Meza regime has been contami-nated by a long series of coke scandals, and even the removal of the infamous Col. Lucho Arce from the military government has failed to bring about the expected diplomatic recognition by the Reagan administration. And so, following a bizarre series of events in May, Garcia Meza has been given his walking papers.

It went something like this: On May 3, a paramilitary group of the Falange Socialista Boliviana, under ultraright wing honcho Carlos Valverde Barbery, attacked the oil re-finery of Tita in Santa Cruz, took 37 hostages including one American, and demanded the dismissal of Garcia Meza. (The refinery is a Bolivian subsidiary of Occidental Petroleum.) The president then dispatched a crack counterinsurgency unit under the command of Col. Gary Prado, a charismatic young officer who had earned the rare reputation of being both honest and constitutionalist. Prado's troops quickly retook the refinery, injuring no one-except for the colonel himself, who, according to official accounts, was "accidentally" shot in the back by one of his own soldiers. Seriously wounded, Prado was flown to a hospital in Houston, Texas. Conveniently, he was thereby removed from the list of Garcia Meza's potential successors.

Following this impudent provocation from Santa Cruz's most reactionary elements, Garcia Meza launched a 72hour retaliatory raid on the strongholds of the mafia cruzeña (Santa Cruz mafia). According to scant reports that have filtered out, entire laboratories, warehouses and coke factories were busted. Military raiders seized 200 kilos



of pure blow, hundreds of miliuniforms, automatic



weapons, and airplanes. They arrested 165 people and killed 7, including Luis Ernesto Suarez, brother of reputed cocaine kingpin Roberto Suarez. Godfather Suarez himself and two of his partners went underground to escape Garcia Meza's wrath.

However, within a week of these events, Reuters news service reported that the president announced (apparently to spite the U.S. government, which had still not recognized his regime) that "the military was dropping out of the fight against drug trafficking be-cause of lack of support from

international organizations." After Garcia Meza had settled the score with the dissident ranks of the mafia cruzeña, he had to face a new enemy, Col. Emilio Lanza, commander of the army's special forces instruction center. On May 11, Lanza and a group of paratroopers reportedly walked into Garcia Meza's office and stuck a gun in his face, accusing him of heading a "nongovernment, linked with the narcotics mafia." Lanza had apparently expected to bring off a coup with the support of other military officials, but the assistance never materialized, and he was arrested.

Fearing the worst, Garcia Meza ordered the immediate expulsion of Gen. Alberto Natusch Busch, a former president, to Peru, and like-wise "requested" that expresident Hugo Banzer take a "voluntary vacation" in Argentina. Just when it seemed the president had eliminated his rivals, Lanza escaped

from prison and attempted a second coup, this time seizing the city of Cochabamba. He failed again, but this time. with 13 other officers, had to seek asylum in the Vatican embassy.

In all this confusion, Garcia Meza's allies had lost faith. A critical meeting of ranking military officials was convened, and Gen. Humberto Cayoja was asked to take over command of the army, politically emasculating Garcia Meza. It was further decided at the meeting that the council of generals would designate a new president on July 17, the anniversary of the 1980 coup, and that he would assume his post on August 6, Independence Day. These measures were announced on national television by the president himself.

The new president can be expected to have a "cleaner face," in terms of cocaine connections, than Garcia Mezasince the taint of the military government's drug connections offends the Reagan administration much more than, say, its fascist brutality. But, while the succeeding regime will have to conceal its coke links carefully, any government in Bolivia-where



dent on the cocaine industry

—will likely find a way to ac-

commodate the barons of

blow.

UPDATE ON THE UPDATE:

s "Highwitness News" is about to be dispatched A s "Highwitness news is about to be the printer, we receive word of yet another attempted coup in cocaland. On June 28, in response to new suggestions from Garcia Meza that he planned to remain in office past the August 6 deadline, Gen. Humberto Cayoja, commander of the army, and Gen. Lucio Añez, chief of staff, announced they were seizing power. Their actions came on the heels of revelations implicating Garcia Meza and other higher-ups in a rake-off of big bucks from the country's diamond industry. Though the plotters claimed to have the loyalty of what they called "the elite of the Bolivian Army," defections of crucial regiments at the last possible moment left the insurgents powerless; and Garcia Meza, despite his reputation as a blunderer, has emerged once again as the most powerful man in the country. Observers now say it is unlikely he will step down as scheduled in August, but, as we have seen, the political situation in Bolivia is, at best, unpredictable.

MARLEY RITES SHOW GANJA POWER



A DEA TEST RUN

HE DRUG ENFORCEMENT Administration is calling it "Operation Firebase," and Select Industries in Walnut Creek, California, is its first real test target. DEA agents, U.S. marshals, local cops and firemen, armed with a civil forfeiture warrant, descended on the company in late spring to confiscate all the "paraphernalia" they could get their hands on. Loading and carting off the goods took most of a day. In the end, the DEA claimed to have absconded with \$1 million worth of freebasing kits and materials. A Select spokesman said the stuff was worth only about \$20,000.

The legal basis for the raid, which involved no criminal charges, was a seldom-used portion of the Controlled Substances Act (U.S.C. 881 (a) (2)), which allows civil seizure of anything and everything "used or intended for use" in connection with controlled substances. Select, of course, maintains that its "alkaloid

THE SELECT CASE

kits" can be used for many purposes—including, for instance, making clove oil out of cloves—and that the government has not met the burden of proof for intent. The DEA says it made sev-

The DEA says it made several "undercover buys" from the company to establish grounds for the warrant to be issued. High Times ads were attached to the warrant as apparent partial evidence of "probable cause," although High Times refuses to accept ads which suggest that an advertised product may be used in the consumption of drugs.

The first Operation Firebase raid had taken place more than a month earlier when DEA agents orchestrated the seizure of 650 KIK machines (allegedly used to beef up the THC container in Long Island City, New York. This initial move, however,

failed to produce what the DEA was apparently looking for: a major court case to test the validity of confiscating inventories without first bringing criminal charges.

The Select case, however, promises to be the one to determine the legality of this kind of DEA tactic. Select has engaged a team of legal heavies to defend itself (and perhaps an entire industry). Those now working on the case include: John Youngquist, a specialist in civil forfeiture law; Michael Stepanian, the best known and most flamboyant of California's drug lawyers; Stepanian's young associate, Linda Levitt; and Michael Pritzker of Chicago, a longtime tactician in the fight against para-phernalia legislation. Select's representatives are expected to argue that it is an unconstitutional violation of due process to apply this twist in the federal law to noncriminal cases.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA

MERICAN POLITICIANS, A narcs and other antidrug zealots, who believe they can convince this island republic to paraquat its ganja fields, should consider the funeral of reggae king Bob Marley. In mid May, before Marley's remains were returned to the mountains of St. Ann where he was born, an enormous ceremony at the National Arena not only marked the passing of a great popular artist, but also testified to the political importance of ganja culture.

The world's best-known Rastafarian, Marley, like others of his faith, held the herb sacred and was known to smoke up to a pound of it a week. He was also a Jamaican hero of such stature that his eulogy was delivered by no less than the president of the republic himself, Edward Seaga. The president is not a "Rastaman" but an aristocrat, having little in common culturally with Marley, who rose to international prominence from the slums of Kingston. Seaga's homage to the fallen reggae star was clear recognition of the political constituency Marley represented.

Seaga said of Marley, "He was an experience which left an indelible, mystical imprint with each encounter. Such a man cannot be erased from the mind. He is part of the collective consciousness of the nation." He further announced that a statue of Marley would be the first erected in a new park soon to be opened in the city and completed his oration with the exultant Rasta cry. "Jah Rastafarai!"

ta cry, "Jah Rastafarai!" U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration officials claim to have behind-the-scenes agreements with Jamaican officials to introduce the herbicide paraquat into the growing areas here; but with the president eulogizing the most visible international spokesman for ganja culture and offering a sign of unqualified respect for the Rasta electorate, it seems unlikely that he will also brutally insult those same voters by permitting a campaign to wipe out their most sacred herb.

NARCS LAY TRAP FOR DRUG LAWYER

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

ERRY WHATLEY IS A THORN in the side of area narcs. A well-known criminal defense attorney in this idyllic, seaside town, he handles a great many cocaine and other drug cases, and he does it with a personal and courtroom flamboyance. He makes money and spends it, and that can rattle the nerves of the gumshoes who spend their professional time trying to put dope merchants in stir. That's why, many local observers contend, Whatley recently found himself in the custody of the narcs he so often went up against in court.

It all started when Douglas Fisher, a pharmacist and drug addict in nearby, posh Montecito, was charged with 20 different counts of forging prescriptions and furnishing controlled substances. Fisher, who had a lucrative business with his father legally selling tranquilizers and diet pills to well-heeled housewives, found himself in a delicate position, facing probable loss of his license to practice pharmacy and, quite possibly, a jail term as well.

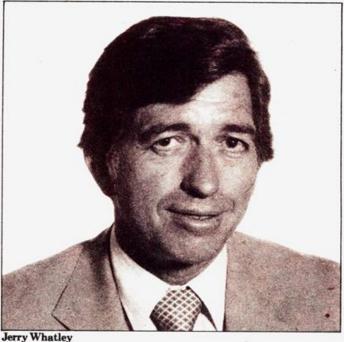
So he hired Jerry Whatley to defend him. What happened next is not yet known! Either Fisher became an-noyed with Whatley and went to the cops with a proposition, or the narcs made

Fisher an offer he couldn't refuse. But regardless of how the setup was initiated, Fisher arranged a meeting with Whatley at 9 P.M. on May 6 at the San Ysidro Pharmacy. The pharmacist arrived at the rendezvous wearing a policesupplied Fargo listening device. Waiting outside were of-ficers of the local narc squad.

What happened in the course of Whatley's meeting with Fisher is not clear, since the secret "wire" malfunctioned and the cops were not able to listen in on the deal that was allegedly made. Fisher later claimed that Whatley attempted purchase of 1,500 doses of Dilaudid (the closest thing to heroin in the legal pharmacopoeia) he had in his shop. By 10 P.M., Whatley had been collared on the street.

When arrested he was holding 72 Dexedrine tablets, in a prescription bottle bearing the name of his girl friend, and a loaded pistol. He admitted to carrying an unlicensed firearm, which he argued was not uncommon among lawyers and judges in Southern California. The speed, he said, belonged to his live-in lover. Fisher claimed to have "delivered" the dexies to Whatley in the course of their unrecorded meeting.

For anything other than the gun charge, the case against Whatley is weak, especially since the nonworking



bug makes the substance of the Dilaudid deal and the Dexedrine charge a matter of one man's word against another's. In Whatley's defense case, the argument will certainly be made that Fisher, fighting for his professional life, was highly motivated to lie about his conversation with his attorney.

Lawyer Michael Carty, representing Whatley in the case. tells us as we go to press that the police have not yet revealed what they offered Fisher in exchange for setting the troublesome Mr. Whatley, except to say that he would be granted "certain considerations." According to Carty, Fisher's arrangement with the cops, and how it was arrived at, promises to be an important part of the defense

Meanwhile, says Carty, "Douglas Fisher is now on methadone maintenance" for his drug habit.

S. FRAN. COCAINE BUST NETS DEALER 'RECORDS'

by Michael Dorgan

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

IX MEN, 17.5 POUNDS OF COKE and a four-foot stack of records filled with important names were taken into custody in San Francisco recently in what authorities say may be the first case ever to provide a detailed look at the "society connection" of the Bay Area cocaine trade. The coke alone, 90 percent pure and valued at \$2 million, would have been plenty to make the DEA agents feel they had done a good day's work. But when they ransacked one suspect's apartment in search of further evidence, they stumbled upon every drug agent's dream-detailed records of who bought what when and where.

Though the feds are being tight-lipped about the contents of the confiscated records, they are said to contain the names of numerous prominent politicians and businessmen as well as show-biz personalities. Many of the deals detailed in the records were large, some very large indeed. One sale was said to have been for \$7 million.

The incriminating records were found in the apartment of Michael Warren Coletta, 35, one of the six men charged in the bust. In the same building where he lived, Coletta rented a \$2,800-a-month luxury apartment that police say was used as a cocaine distribution center.

According to prosecuting attorney William S. Farmer, Coletta claimed he could deliver "800 pounds of cocaine a day." Authorities believe the coke was provided by the South American families of two men busted with Coletta.

Observing that it was not a one-sniff-of-cocaine U.S. magistrate Steele Langford set bail at \$1 million for Coletta. Bails for the other five defendants ranged from \$100,000 to \$500,000.

The six were busted while allegedly in the act of selling 17.5 pounds for \$532,000 to DEA agents who had spent three months worming their way into position for a big buy. The narcs had borrowed 5,000 crisp, new \$100 bills from the Federal Reserve Bank to demonstrate their sincerity.

In addition to the suspects, the coke and the recordsabout which much more, no doubt, will be heard as the case progresses—the narcs seized some drug-dealing paraphernalia, including six pistols, three weighing scales, cocaine-testing equipment and two Mercedes Benzes.

ILLINOIS, MICHIGAN JUDGES FACE FACTS:

COKE NOT A NARCOTIC

THE GREAT MIDWEST

THE SIMPLE, UNCONTRA-dicted scientific fact is: Cocaine is not a narcotic.

Sound like HIGH TIMES talking? Not at all. This is the opening sentence of an opinion issued by the Appellate Court of the Fourth District of the State of Illinois. It is one of two state-court decisions made in recent months that could affect not only the length of sentences meted out for cocaine charges in Illinois and part of Michigan but also the classification of coke under federal law.

The Illinois decision, and one issued a few weeks later in Michigan, both address sentencing and the erroneous classification of cocaine as a "narcotic" alongside heroin, morphine and other addictive opiates. In the Illinois case (People v. McCarty), a threejudge panel determined that the classification of cocaine as a "narcotic drug" violated "the equal protection clause of the United States and Illi-nois constitutions." In Illinois law, as in federal law, marching powder is considered a Schedule-II controlled substance and a narcotic. "Delivery" of a nonnarcotic Schedule-II drug is a Class 3 felony; if the "sub-stance" is also classified a narcotic, it becomes a Class 2 felony, and the offender is subject to more severe penalties. The effect of the Illinois decision was to reclassify cocaine as a nonnarcotic, making McCarty eligible for a more lenient sentence.

Relying on the expert testi-mony of Drs. Joel Fort and Ronald Siegal, the judges noted: "There is no dispute within the scientific community that cocaine is not a narcotic." They referred to it instead as a nonaddictive stimulant and concluded "there is no causal connection between the ingestion of cocaine and criminal behavior."

In an odd twist of logic, however, the judges accepted the testimony of Dr. Siegal that cocaine was originally misclassified for "racist" reasons (in the hope that it would stop the "raping of white women" by "cocaine-crazed" Negroes), but also argued that "based upon the knowledge available" at the time, the classification as a narcotic was "rational." In the light of more modern research, they argued, "the previous rational classification of cocaine as a narcotic is rendered irrational." They seem to be saying that racism was once but is no longer "rational."

The other decision (People v.

Harman), in Livingston Coun-

ty, Michigan, was spurred by the McCarty decision. In this case, the defendant was accused of possession of more than 650 grams of a "mixture" of cocaine. Circuit judge Bert Hensick, relying on the "expert" arguments of Dr. Lester Grinspoon, and, having read the Illinois decision, dismissed the case, saying it was "capricious, arbitrary" and ir-rational for Harman to face a mandatory life sentence (required under Michigan law) for holding that quantity of a nonnarcotic stimulant. However, he pointed out that, under the statute, the defendant

would face the same penalty for possession of one gram of coke mixed with 649 grams of cut. This, he said, was "cruel and unusual punishment" and violated the rules of due process and equal protection.

Either or both of these cases may be overturned on appeal, and neither has any binding or direct effect on the federal law. However, according to attorneys specializing in drug law, they may have some "persuasive" impact when federal judges begin to look at the rationality of cocaine's "narcotic" classification under the federal Controlled Substances Act.

BLACK OFFICIAL BURNED IN POLITICAL GAMBIT

DEA LOSES RACE BIAS SUIT

FEDERAL JUDGE HAS OR-A dered reinstatement of the ousted deputy regional director in the Drug Enforcement Administration's Northeast region, charging that the narc agency's treatment of the black official "epitomizes" the racial discrimination prevalent in the DEA. Deputy director Carl Jackson had been transferred and demoted early last spring when DEA administrator Peter Bensinger announced a shakeup in the office that oversees agency activities from Maine to Delaware. The ostensible reason was the region's poor performance in apprehending heroin racketeers.

The action against Jackson came at a time when DEA was fighting for its appropriations and was under attack from a number of high U.S. Customs officials who were quietly charging the federal narcs with incompetence and corruption. The Northeast region, which includes the heroin hotbed of New York City, had a poor record for recent smack busts, and Bensinger



Carl Jackson

was under pressure to prove DEA was doing something besides chase pot traffickers.

So, only two days before the FBI announced it was interested in entering the drug-

enforcement field, Bensinger publicly denounced the performance of Jackson and two New York DEA officers and shuffled them out. The move created a headline-grabbing image of Bensinger uncharacteristically pressing for an attack on the heroin trade.

But federal judge Aubrey Robinson didn't see it that way. He noted that John W. Fallon, the Northeast regional director, who was ultimately responsible for the region's performance, had been untouched in the disciplinary action. Robinson further pointed out that the regional office was rife with internal factionalism, apparently stemming from Fallon's "autocratic and sometimes almost dictatorial" style of management.

Fallon and Jackson, it was widely known, did not get along, but that was hardly adequate cause to blame the black agent for the region's poor record of heroin busts. The more likely reason for the removal of Jackson seemed to be that Bensinger needed someone to throw to the wolves, and Jackson was a convenient sacrifice.

REAGAN POLICY:

YES' TO INFANTICIDE, NO' TO YOUR HEAD

disgusting example of the Reagan administration's raging hypocrisy than the recent U.S. vote against the World Health Organization's decision to oppose the marketing of infant formula in Third World countries. For recreational pot users, the contradiction should be obvious: A government, which wants to jail—for a good long time—anyone who attempts to import a mildly intoxicating herb to its 20 million native consumers, will risk its international reputation to protect the right of a few giant corporations to export a substance known to kill infants by the hundreds of thousands.

It works this way: Huge international firms, like Nestlé, Abbott Laboratories and Bristol-Myers, manufacture infant formulas and market them in countries like Mexico, Bolivia, Chad and Bangladesh. Poor women, full of faith that technology in almost any form can rescue them from the ravages of poverty and disease, are easily convinced that a synthetic food is better for their babes than the natural milk of their own bodies. The formulas lack the disease-fighting and nutritional elements of mother's milk; and, when combined with the locally polluted water, they are virtually lethal poisons.

In some areas, this garbage has been marketed much the way unscrupulous



dealers have been known to peddle heroin. The supply for the first couple of months of the child's life is offered at a neglible cost—almost free. That's just enough time for mother's body to stop producing its own nutrition for the wee one. After that, the mother has no choice but to stick with the formula for which she now must pay the standard price. She's hooked.

That's a pretty blatantly repulsive system. But not to the U.S. government,

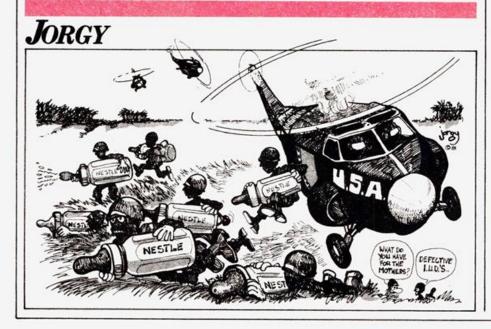
which cast the only "no" vote when the 156-member United Nations organization met recently in Geneva, Switzerland, to discuss the issue. Alexander (I'm-incharge-here) Haig's State Department even went so far as to say there was "no convincing evidence" of a connection between formula and infant mortality in Third World countries.

While acknowledging breastfeeding as the "ideal form of infant nutrition," U.S. delegate Gerald Helman said there were "legal and constitutional problems" with the WHO proposal, since it would mean meddling in international trade. We can only wonder how countries like Jamaica and Colombia, whose economies hang by the thread of the international marijuana trade, feel about the Drug Enforcement Administration working full time to restrict their principal export—a comparatively harmless weed.

But think about this:

A young mother in, say, a shantytown on the edge of Bogotá has just buried her month-old baby. Another woman, active with the revolutionary organization M-19, comes to her and explains that she lost the child because of that stuff she was feeding it—so that some well-tailored corporate exec in an airconditioned office could report higher profits and justify his million-dollar annual salary.

Oh, well, this young Colombian mother will probably have other children, and breastfeed them—and teach them many, many things.



POPPED IN PAGO PAGO?

LAWYERS ALLIANCE FOUNDED FOR AID IN BUSTS ABROAD

A TLONG LAST, AN ORGANIzation has been set up to locate legal help for Americans who are busted abroad. About 300 U.S. citizens are arrested in other nations every year, and about 50 percent of those are hauled in on drug charges, most for crimes involving marijuana and hashish. A chronic problem faced by those arrested outside their home countries is finding honest and competent le-

gal representation, and the International Lawyers Alliance for Human Rights has been created to meet the need for reliable counsel.

Reports of corruption, bribery and ineptitude on the part of certain foreign attorneys, often those recommended to defendants by the U.S. State Department, have been increasing over the past few years, making the need for such a nongovernmental or-

ganization even more acute. The torture and degradation inflicted upon foreign prisoners has often led to false confessions of guilt and the use of huge sums of money to bribe prison officials and guards for more humane treatment or early release.

The Lawyers Alliance was launched by several lawyers from around the world who have been working on the idea for about two years. They have compiled a list of attorneys in various countries who know their work and are not ripoffs.

Anyone with a friend or relative who has been imprisoned in a foreign jail can contact the alliance through Allan Ellis or Robert C. Fogelnest, International Lawyers Alliance for Human Rights, Suite 2200, 1616 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103; telephone (215) 545-2428.



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DOPE BILLS IN D.C.

continued from page 19

national paraphernalia bill (S. 1019), introduced by Sen. John Tower (R.Tex.), was passed from the Senate Judiciary Committee to its Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism(!). Two days later, a pipe bomb went off in Kennedy International Airport in New York. Over the next week, detectives from the NYPD's bomb squad had to carry bombs in their hands from five separate locations, including the U.N. parking lot and the Honduran consulate. All this time, the Security and Terrorism subcommittee was perusing a head-gear bill

Why, you might ask, did such a bill pop up in, of all places, Security and Terrorism? The subcommittee's staff counsel, Fran Wermuth, told High Times: "This bill came to us because we're the Drug Enforcement Administration's congression-

al oversight committee."

You might suppose, then, that this bill, based largely on the language of the DEA's own model paraphernalia law, had been at least cleared through the narc agency. A DEA spokesman, however, told HIGH TIMES: "The first we heard of this bill was when we read it in the Congressional Record." Only a few weeks earlier, DEA public-affairs officer David Hoover had confided to Accessories Digest that Operation Firebase, the agency's campaign of civil seizures of alleged drug paraphernalia, was part of a spearhead to 'establish a nationwide paraphernalia law." What law might he have been referring to, if not this one?

But, to muddy the waters even further, the proposed national paraphernalia law in its original form contains a very curious item. The final paragraph of the bill provides that any smuggling hardware or other paraphernalia seized under the act may be turned over to the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Quite a trick, since that agency was absorbed into the newly created DEA way back in 1973. One thing is clear: If someone at the DEA did approve this document, they did so with the kind of attentiveness usually attributed to demented speed freaks, and it would be an embarrassment indeed for the federal narcs to admit they'd seen it.

At any rate, the Drug Paraphernalia Prohibitions Act of 1981, briefly described, provides misdemeanor penalties -\$500 fines—for the possession or use of anything, from hookahs to flour sifters to Baggies, that might be used in connection with illegal drugs; repeated offenses pull jail terms, and delivery of any of this "paraphernalia" to a minor is a felony, drawing sentences of up to eight years.

Meanwhile, over in the House Foreign

Affairs Committee's Subcommittee on Asian and Pacific Affairs, Rep. Billy Lee Evans (D.Ga.) had introduced House bill H.R. 2364 to repeal the 1978 prohibition against U.S. funding of the spraying of paraquat on foreign pot fields. DEA administrator Peter Bensinger had contacted his friends in the national network of fanatical antidrug "parents groups" to help push it along, and within three days of its introduction the relevant congressmen received an orchestrated torrent of phone calls and telegrams from all over



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the country backing the use of paraquat. Bensinger had done his stumping at the Southeast Drug Conference, held in Atlanta in April, and the lobbying campaign was nicely cranked up by the time the bill appeared in committee a month later.

This threat to your health and well-being was passed unanimously by the subcommittee and easily cleared the full Foreign Affairs Committee. Dr. Renate Kimbrough of the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, by the way, recently reiter ated the conclusions, which contributed to the original prohibition of paraquat, that the herbicide, in "very low concentrations," has a "cumulative toxic effect" and can cause lung fibrosis.

Yet another bill, H.R. 3519, has quickly passed both the Armed Forces and Judiciary committees. This one allows for the limited use of military equipment (sophisticated AWACs radar planes, U-2 reconnaissance aircraft, helicopters, etc.) and personnel by "federal, state and local law enforcement officials," if they are so assigned by the Department of Defense. This is a license for a real "war on drugs." It also marks an ominous break with the policy established in the Posse Comitatus Act of 1877 which prohibits the use of the

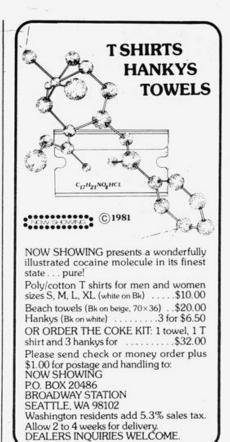
military in domestic law enforcement.

H.R. 3519 has already caught some flack from the military establishment. The general counsel for the Department of Defense recently wrote Rep. William Hughes, chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Crime, warning that "great care should be taken before placing military personnel... into situations involving direct confrontations with American citizens."

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws has been doing its damnedest to disseminate the information that this triad of laws has been slipping through Congress almost under the table. They've also pointed out at every opportunity the dangers to health and civil liberties inherent in the laws.

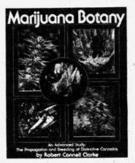
Both the paraquat and the military "war on drugs" bills are attached to the budget, and, according to George Farnham, NORML's political director, they stand an excellent chance of passing by late September. The paraphernalia law, as an isolated bill, according to Farnham, is more easily postponed; and, because it is more blatantly unconstitutional, it is not likely to see much action until next year.

PS. It's worth noting that the home districts of the three legislators who introduced these bills are also the geographical centers of the tight-knit, national antidrug network that organizes "groundswells" of reactionary public opinion against heads. Billy Lee Evans hails from Georgia, home of Dekalb County Families in Action (the grandmother of all such repressive groups). Democratic representative Charles Bennett, who introduced the military-assistance-to-drug-enforcement bill, is from Florida, the other hotbed of 'parents groups." And Sen. John Tower, porter for the paraphernalia law, is a good ol' rightwinger from Texas, where computer billionaire H. Ross Perot coughed up big bucks to float Texans' War on Drugs, which Lone Star pol watchers say is simply a vehicle for his own political ambitions.



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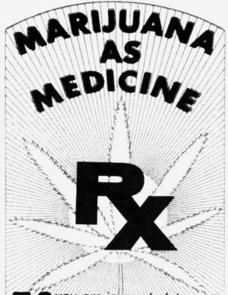
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LEB HASH BRINGS GLOBE TO BRINK OF WW III

BY BUD BOGART

MUGGLERS, WAR-GAME LOVERS AND government officials from around the world have been watching a classical dope/political intrigue unfold in the battle zones of Lebanon. Long one of the world's leading producers of fine hashish, Lebanon is now in the midst of perhaps the bloodiest and most hate-filled war of the 30 or so such conflicts now raging on earth. And today, hashish has taken a major role in the conflict—as it has for centuries in that region.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

At the end of 1977, shortly before the strife in Lebanon exploded into full-scale civil war, the popular red and blond hash that had once marked Lebanon as one of the world's great smoke-producing countries was selling at around \$1500 a pound in lots, up to \$1800 individually. Today the price on individual pounds is down to \$650; for more than a few kilos the price drops to an astounding \$500 a pound.

It's cheaper and more abundant than ever. Rarely does a letter with price quotes arrive here that doesn't include what the local dealers are charging for Lebanese hash. The West Coast may have trouble getting Colombian chiba, and the East may not score much Acapulco gold, but Lebanese has saturated both markets. When smokers are out of everything else in Possum Breath, Arkansas, there's still Lebanese hash around.

Even more astounding, since the Lebanese civil war commenced in earnest not a single large shipment of Lebanese hash has been busted, though dirigible-size loads arrive almost daily. The last big Leb hash bust was the celebrated Rowbotham case in Canada at which Norman Mailer testified in defense of the doomed smuggler, now serving 15 years.

gler, now serving 15 years.

With all this happening, it wasn't long before the Lebanese hash connection drew the interest of both lawmen trying to bust it and other smugglers trying to emulate it. Over the years the story of the Lebanese connection has slowly leaked out. Essentially it's this: If you smoke Lebanese hash you are doing so with at

least the tacit approval of the U.S. and Israeli governments.

Before the civil war, hash in Lebanon was grown by quasi-criminal middle-class landowners with the acquiescence of their government, as long as the dues arrived on time and violence was kept to a minimum. This is the basic production structure of all dope centers, from Ecuador to Humboldt County.

But when war erupted and the myriad splinter groups and alliances heaved and buckled, the revenue-producing cannabis fields—mostly in the southern, Christian-dominated areas—suddenly became prized political possessions. Pitched and bloody battles were fought between, on one side, the Christian Phalangists, Lebanese regular army, support units provided by the Israeli government and CIA-type mercenaries; and against them, an array of "armed elements": Lebanese Moslem forces backed by the Syrian army, assorted leftists, and various fanatic Moslem mercenary groups. The Palestine Liberation Organization, which also supports the Moslems, though often at odds with insurrection leaders, provided another combustible wild card. Odd man out was the armed U.N. peacekeeping contingent.

At one point the PLO held the hash fields but were rebuffed by Phalangists. These Christians then reopened the main north-south highway through Lebanon. According to one smuggler who witnessed a convoy of hash heading northward, the road was opened for the express purpose of sending hash to the port of Junieh. The hash later turns up, the source says, on C137 cargo planes headed for Dulles Airport in Washington, D.C. The payment, in arms, arrives at the same port and is shipped to the Christian strongholds.

shipped to the Christian strongholds.
"They have no tax base to finance a war," our informant notes. "Hash is their only source of revenue."

The relationship between dope and the war in Lebanon is an open secret among journalists and government officials. When HIGH TIMES roving editor Craig Copetas checked out the situation on assignment just after the outbreak of this war in early 1978, he reported that his visits to the hash fields were in the company of high officials of the Christian cause, who impressed upon Craig the need to sell the hash to arm his people.

"If the hash business collapsed, this war would be over in a day," he said when he returned.

While it may seem farfetched that the U.S. government is involved in the hash business, evidence provided by literally continued on page 30

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATION S

									39		
	AUSTRALIA			Colombian grass Kashmir twist	down to a trickle	oz lb	100-175 850-1200 10	Dallas Miami	coke, a cannon pressed 'lombo 'mersh	ib ib	125 150
Queensland	homegrown king	one	12-16	sticks	small but good	one oz	110-130		mersn		
"border" sticks Mullumbimby	range reefer	100 oz	900 5-25	Thai sticks Homegrown	great, rare shaping up as	one	15-25 free to 50	National Mari	ket		-
madness Colombian pot	some 'mersh	lb oz	40-100 75-225	Jamaican pot	record year lots on the	lb oz	100-350 100-125				
		lb	800-1200		reggae circuit	lb	800-1050	U.S. sinsemilla Commercial	lower leaf trucker's special	oz oz	25-50 10-40
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one 100	15-20 1000-1200	Black Kashmir hash	high tide	oz	100-150	Mexican		lb	100-435
Compressed Thai	off and on	oz lb	160-200 1100-1600	Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	oz lb	60-85 750-1000	Top-grade Mexican	Where have all these flowers	oz lb	50-75 475-650
Putty hash	Lebanese Frankenstein	oz lb	210-250 2800-3000	Paki black hash	extraordinaire	oz lb	100-125 1100-1250	Mexican sinsemilla	gone? over the next hill	oz Ib	55-65
Nepalese fingers	critic's choice	oz lb	250-400 3000-4500	Nepal temple ball hash	world's finest	oz lb	150-200 1750-2000	Jamaican	appears and	lb oz	500-600 35-45
Indian hash oil	champagne of oils	gm oz	20-45 420-620	Hash oil	palpable, palatable	gm oz	20-30 475-525	Jamaican	disappears brown spears	lb oz	375-450 70-100
Mushrooms	wild	oz	50-75	LSD	considerable of late	one 100	7-10 500-700	sinsemilla Commercial	biggest glut	lb oz	700-1000 35-45
LSD	Korean "tiles"	one 100	5-7 300-500	Cocaine	scarce but there	gm oz	135-180 270	Colombian Connoisseur	in years an excellent	lb oz	250-350 40-55
Mandrax	Sat. nite	one	3-6	Mandrax	limey 'ludes	one	3-6	Colombian Thai sticks	year, but late several varieties	lb one	440-550 15-35
Cocaine	special even in cowboy	100 gm	150-400 140-175					-1-100000000000000000000000000000000000		oz	180-225
	country	oz	3000-3200		FRANCE			Loose Thai	foot-long buds	oz lb	170-200 1200-1800
				African pot	dominates weed	gr	2.50-3	Various Africans	so what?	oz Ib	40-55 425-550
Commercial	CANADA good flow	07	50-65	Colombian pot	market extremely rare	oz oz	65-80 75-100	- Hawaiian	price downswing	oz lb	125-225 1800-2400
Commercial Colombian		oz lb	500-650	Moroccan hash	several flavors	gr oz	6-8 90-110	Moroccan hash	thick slabs	oz lb	90-125 1100-1750
Gold and red Colombian	gone faster than a speeding bullet	lb	60-85 500-750	Lebanese hash	fresh and fragrant	gr oz	8-12 100-125	Citrali hash	fresh as a flower	oz lb	175 1825-2200
Hawaiian buds	none in sight	oz lb	325-350 2800-3600	Lebanese kif	known as "zero-zero"	gr	10	Lebanese hash	ubiquitous	oz	100-130
Mexican tops	a few in season	oz lb	50-85 450-650	LSD	pyramids, red	one	4-7	Black Afghani	with gold seal	lb oz	900-1450 150-200
California sinsemilla	nada	oz lb	200-275 2000-2600	Speed	stars, dots, blots hot on the	one	4-6	hash Nepalese fingers	and balls	lb oz	1700-2300 175-225
Homegrown pot	mild headscratcher	oz	10-15	Cocaine	punk scene and long	gr	125-200	Paki hash	bits and pieces	lb oz	1700-2500 150
Hash	red and blond Leb	lb oz	50-200 140-175	589405	Parisian nights			Hash oils	Nepalese honey	lb gm	1350-1800 35-65
LSD	your choice	lb one	1900-2500 4-10							oz	500-1000 125-175
Mandrax	Brian Jones's	100 one	200-450 3-6		JAPAN			Psilocybin mushrooms,	"blue meanies"	oz	125-175
Cocaine	favorite look out for	100 gm	275-450 110-160	Colombian pot	scarce, feeble	oz lb	120-300 1200-1600	dried Peyote	tough to come	oz	35-60
Cocamic	Bigfoot	oz	1850-2500	Philippine pot	expanding market	oz Ib	45-50 500-600	LSD	by right now blots and balls	lb one	300-500 1.50-5.00
		1		Homegrown	should stick to	oz	90-120	Cocaine	slow season	100 gm	150-300 85-140
	COLOMBIA			Thai sticks	cars fresh and pungent	lb one	900-1200 40-75		some real	oz one	1900-2500 4-6
Santa Marta golds, reds	slow	oz lb	10-15 60-100	Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	one	400-750 40-60	Methaqualone	bulldozers	100	300-500
Commercial domestic	usual strong supply	oz lb	2-5 30-80	Hokkaido sticks	handsome but dumb	oz	115-125	Crosses and black beauts	resurgence	100	25-200
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	8-25	Philippine hash	superstar	gr oz	25-40 300-375				
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb oz	100-225 150-200	Lebanese hash LSD	they love it here British imports	gr one	50 10-20	Alaska			
Mushrooms	not worth the	lb oz	1500-2000 40-75	Mushrooms	greenhouse	oz	50	Commercial	prices more in	oz	45-55
Cocaine	effort good assortment	oz	175-225	Opium Cocaine	excellent questionable	gr gr	25-50 80-150	Colombian Domestic weed	line of late halide homegrown	lb	430-550 15-35
	•	lb	2500-3000	Speed	advanced Japanese	gr	75-85	Mexican weed		lb	75-175
		1		1	model				vanishing act	oz lb	50-65 500-600
	DENMARK		75-125					Mainland sinsemilla	B-grade here; A-1 there	oz lb	225-300 2000-2750
Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz kilo	1250-3750		MEXICO			Lebanese hash	big mover	gm oz	15-20 130-200
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European quality better this	oz	free to \$10	Oaxacan tops	by the Bronco-full	oz lb	7-12 60-120	Cocaine	not much	gm oz	100-150 2000-2800
Moroccan hash	year than last	oz kilo	50-100 1000-2000	Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	oz lb	5-10 50-80				
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	oz kilo	60-120 1200-2200	Acapulco gold	ay caramba	oz lb	10-20 50-100	Hawaii			
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	100-135	Guerrero gold	muchos pesos	oz	7-12	Puna buds	hot stuff	oz	150-200
Pakistani hash Cocaine	ditto brisk market	oz gm	100-150 100-150	Cocaine	when around don't be a chump	lb gm	65-125 30-50	Kona gold	banana-size buds	lb oz	1500-1950 150-200
		oz kilo	2500 50,000	Opium	searching for a	oz oz	400-700 50-100	Mauna Loa	short supply	lb oz	1500-1900 150-190
		ALIO	00,000		market	lb	400-600	Maui wowie	barter for best	lb oz	1500-1750 125-200
	ECUADOR					_		100000000000000000000000000000000000000	price	lb	1600-2200
Commercial	fresh as a	oz	7-10		UNITED STAT	ES		LSD Mushrooms	fresh from the lab for cheap	one	2-4 free
Colombian Red and gold	flower surprisingly,	lb oz	60-100 15-25	Area Bulleting		-23		Cocaine	not a big mover	gm oz	75-125 1800-2500
Colombian	not that much	lb	200		•	n-	600 650	Amphetamines	speedy relief	one	2
Sierra buds	passable	oz lb	6-10 70-100	San Diego	A-1 Colombo golds, reds		600-650		United States	fey's	国际
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz lb	2-4 40-60	New York City	Santa Marta red, fire-engine	lb	425	Hich Tures	welcomes anonyr	nous :	renorte bu
Cocaine base Cocaine	lots pure as the	gr	negotiable 25-40	Moline, Ill.	Colombo mersh, dry & leafy	lb	330	please be specif	ic about the area,	type, o	quantity and
LSD	driven snow traded for blow	one	5	Boston	lombo mersh, some boaty	lb	310	quality of dope	referred to. If you ther relevant info	are av	vare of other
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THMA

continued from page 28

scores of smugglers and a few very hip lawmen builds an incontrovertible case for high-level involvement. The current glut of hash is coming out of a state of siege, where everything that moves does so only with the consent of the reigning powers. If you're looking for a precedent, the history of the U.S. involvement in the Southeast Asian heroin trade-for political ends also-is well documented.

Finally, there is the simple question: Who or what power could possibly arrange to move hash out of this hornet's-nest war zone without detection, across the Atlantic and into America, again without detection, and in quantities so vast the price has dropped by two-thirds? Think about

that next time you toke up.

C'est la fucking vie: If you don't think the D-men are taking smart pills lately, listen to this! Last spring, the narcos shrewdly figured smugglers would try to take advantage of the chaos and circus atmosphere surrounding the space-shuttle launch. They trundled in a couple of Treasury Department dopehounds and stationed them at nearby Orlando Airport. On launch day number one, they set a record for cocaine and heroin seized in a 24-hour period. When the launch was stalled for two days, they popped huge shipments on those days too. These boys are getting sharper every day. Liquid assets: Bottles of liquid LSD so-

lution are popping up around the country at from \$300 to \$500—said to contain a

thousand hits.

Converted assets: Meanwhile, some bright innovators have come up with handmade, organic blotter paper, pre-designed to absorb single doses, 40 to 75 mikes, of this dilute acid.

LAWYERS BONE UP AT PLAYBOY CLUB

HE APPARENTLY REAWAKENING NAtional Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws held its first midyear conference for defense lawyers in May at the Playboy Club in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. The conference was immediately proclaimed a resounding success. The two-day schedule of seminars and speeches attracted 45 attorneys specializing in drug law. While NORML has traditionally held legal conferences in conjunction with its annual national convention, this was its first effort to mount an interim conference, complete with small-group workshops on subjects ranging from paraphernalia law to entrapment de-fenses. Accused drug offenders (and lawyers' spouses) will be relieved to know the assembled attorneys spent almost all of the idyllic spring weekend pursuing knowledge of defense tactics they could apply on their home turf.

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THOMAS SZASZ

The gadfly of the psychiatric establishment takes on sexologists, moral entrepreneurs and drug-happy shrinks

BY RON ROSENBAUM

Dr. Thomas Szasz is one of the most courageous and effective champions of individual liberty left in America. Like the fictional McMurphy, the hero of Ken Kesey's One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Szasz has taken on the real-life "Big Nurses," the therapeutic establishment, the people who want to confine you as "mentally ill" because you think differently, act differently or take different substances than the ones they prescribe as legitimate.

But unlike McMurphy, Szasz has not had to use deception, guile and subversion. He's destroyed the academic rationalizations of the mental-health bureaucrats with a laserlike polemical intellect, brilliantly argued broadsides and enlightened common sense.

Back in the '60s, when nobody else (aside from Kesey) was making the case, Szasz published a blistering indictment of what he called "the therapeutic state." A new tyrannical religion was arising in America, he warned, a religion whose high priests, the "mental health professionals," were arrogating to themselves the right to define what was sane or "appropriate" behavior, what kind of sexual behavior was "healthy." Just as in religious tyrannies of the past, certain activities were declared acceptable—drinking liquor, traveling with a suitcase, for instance—while others were "contaminated"—eating certain mushrooms, traveling with a shopping bag. Dissidents from consensus reality—like political dissidents in



the Soviet Union and like the "witches" of Salem—could be incarcerated, electroshocked, forcibly drugged with chemical straitjackets, deprived of their liberties for their heresies.

It still happens, but thanks to Szasz—and his ceaseless attacks on the therapeutic state mentality—the libertarian objections to encroaching medicalization of our behavior ("I don't like your politics and your hairstyle, therefore you're mentally sick") have made an impact upon some of the less arrogant among his colleagues in the profession. Szasz, an orthodox Freudiantrained analyst and professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York at Syracuse, now practices what he calls "autonomous psychotherapy." His latest book, Sex By Prescription (New York: Doubleday), is soon to be released as a Penguin paperback.

It's reassuring that a single individual with a powerful intellect and a point to make can make a difference in America; and if the history of individual liberty is still permitted to be published in the next century, Szasz will be recognized as an invaluable savior. But it's also scary that so much depended on the intellectual courage of one man, and frightening to think how much closer we'd be to a psychiatric 1984 if it hadn't been for Thomas Szasz.

HIGH TIMES: Isn't it true that psychoanalysis started out as a kind of revolutionary view of established codes but—

SZASZ: It started out as a liberation movement but very quickly became corrupted sold out, if you like, to the medical profession, to being legitimate, kosher.

HIGH TIMES: And how has this affected the experience of the person who chooses psychoanalysis now?

SZASZ: Back then in the early days, the '20s, '30s, the people who chose to enter it were free thinkers—the intellectually courageous people. And now it's the dregs of the medical profession.

HIGH TIMES: The dregs?

SZASZ: Just like the dregs of the medical profession go into psychiatry, the dregs of psychiatry go into psychoanalysis.

HIGH TIMES: And so when some poor person who has grown up with all this respect for psychoanalysis presents himself in the office looking for this liberating journey—SZASZ: He's getting the dregs of the dregs and he's getting—"a shrink." See, to call a psychoanalyst in 1920 a shrink would have been completely senseless; it would not have made any sense. He was an expander. But at some point he became a shrink. It's actually a perfect word. He's a mental lobotomist.

HIGH TIMES: They do lobotomies? **SZASZ:** Without knives.

ysis of one's own behavior? ,

HIGH TIMES: But what are the symptoms of shrunkenness? Is it a timidity, an overanal-

SZASZ: Timidity or preoccupation with themselves and a kind of drawing a relatively small circle around oneself and one's experiences and a kind of stupidity and timidity towards larger issues: politics, morality, the world. One becomes preoccupied with the ou can kill, get sent to a mental hospital for two months and come out. But for two ounces of marijuana you go to jail for twenty years".

endless fascination of one's own Oedipal drama, forgetting the social dramas outside.

In most religions they give you meaning in exchange for this kind of shrinking. So they shrink you just like the pope shrinks you, like Zionism shrinks you, like Buddhism shrinks you. They shrink you and then give you back security in exchange. They give you their own world view and meaning. It's the whole business of What's the meaning of life? To me it's obvious: Life has no meaning at all, except what we put into it. Since most people don't want to put their own meaning into it, they cop out and sell out to somebody who will put meaning into it—whether it's Jim Jones or psychoanalysis or Zionism or whatever.

HIGH TIMES: So Freudians are a priesthood in its last stages.

SZASZ: Not necessarily its last stages. I think that in a Dostoevskian sense people have a tremendous need to subject themselves to stupid religions, whether it's Jim Jones's People's Temple or a psychoanalytic institute. It's a fancier Jonestown.

HIGH TIMES: A fancier Guyana?

Szasz: With chocolate cake and Viennese culture.

HIGH TIMES: Instead of the Kool-Aid, it's whipped cream and—

SZASZ: And more culture. But it seems the same process of shrinking, idolization, mystification, stupefication.

HIGH TIMES: Psychological suicide: Would that be a fair way—

Szasz: No, I don't like psychological suicide

because, in fact, a lot of people like to live shrunk. It would be interesting to find out when the term *shrink* became popular.

HIGH TIMES: I think it's a '50s term, about the time Jules Feiffer published his book of cartoons called *Sick*, *Sick*, *Sick* in which sick became a mental instead of physical condition. Wouldn't you say that the '50s were the time when the psychiatric/psychoanalytic profession became an officially established religion?

SZASZ: That's correct. In the '50s. There were two people who were particularly responsible for this intellectual debauchment, and these were Franz Alexander and Karl Menninger—especially Karl Menninger.

HIGH TIMES: Why Menninger?

SZASZ: Well, he popularized this idea that every misbehavior is an illness, everybody is mentally ill. You know, what we were told about the hostages: You have to watch them; they're all mentally ill.

HIGH TIMES: Wasn't that something, the way before they came home everyone was saying, Watch if they say such and such—that's a sign of the "Stockholm Syndrome" and this is the sign of that. Didn't you think that was rank charlatanism on—

SZASZ: Rank charlatanism. This is a mark of the therapeutic state. The priest watching over you, and everything falls into his domain; and since badness is so much more common than goodness, since sin is so much more prevalent than virtue, everywhere you look there is sin.

HIGH TIMES: You've made a case in your writing that treating crime as a symptom of mental illness leads to injustice.

SZASZ: You can go and kill, get sent to a mental hospital for two months and then come out. But for two ounces of marijuana you go to jail for twenty years under [New York's] Rockefeller laws. If we say that Mark Chapman, for instance, is not guilty, that means he had no more to do with killing John Lennon than you and I. But how can we live with such a falsehood if we believe that people have free choice?

HIGH TIMES: But isn't that the real issue between you and the therapeutic priests? They'd aruge that Chapman really had no free choice or responsibility, that his mind is so clouded by psychoses that he wasn't making a free choice to commit a sinful act and is therefore not a sinful but a sick person. Isn't that the real issue? You argue that the state should act as if everyone's actions were free choices.

SZASZ: Correct, except in the law there are degrees of freedom: for example, the classic defense of duress. If you stand in line at a bank window and somebody puts a gun in your back and says to tell the teller you want ten thousand dollars, and you do that and you get arrested, all you have to do is plead duress. Then you will be found not guilty. Now this doesn't have to do with your mental state, it doesn't mean you are insane; it has to do with the whole humanistic context. So in this sense I think degrees of responsibility should be weighed. But

not in a psychiatrically mysticized way.

HIGH TIMES: What is your reaction to David Berkowitz [the "Son of Sam" killer] saying that a dog gave him orders to kill? That's different from the person in the bank line with the gun against him.

SZASZ: Well, subsequently Berkowitz said he made it up, he lied. That's been my position on that for the last thirty years: When somebody says "A dog told me," it's a lie. When somebody says he's Jesus, psychiatrists say that's schizophrenia. I say it's a lie. HIGH TIMES: Don't you have to allow for the possibility that he is Jesus?

SZASZ: I see your point. Yes, one should certainly check it out. I check it out and then I say it's a lie. I could be mistaken too. I'm not God.

HIGH TIMES: So what you're saying is that no one in the psychiatric profession has the right to judge whether someone who's going around saying he's Jesus or takes orders from God is telling the truth or not; we judge their acts.

Szasz: No one in the psychiatric profession has a way of judging this any more than you or a reporter or a theologian or a ditchdigger. Let me suggest one other point that we should make here. Psychiatrists in some ways have gotten away with murder in the last fifty years for smuggling in the idea that a mental illness is like any other illness. Now you have heard this a million times at least, yet mental illness is the only illness that you can't see, you can't smell, you can't check, you can't diagnose with any machinery, with any tests-but it's the only illness that excuses a crime. You can have a brain tumor the size of a baseball-it doesn't excuse you from killing John Lennon. You can have epilepsy. It doesn't excuse you. You can have multiple sclerosis, pernicious anemia, Parkinson's disease and all kinds of organic disease. But schizophrenia excuses you. In what way does disease deprive a person of responsibility?

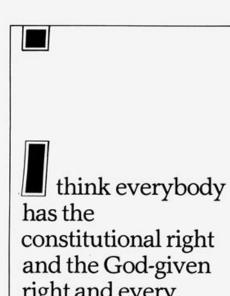
HIGH TIMES: Well, I guess, playing devil's advocate, one could say that this particular disease is the kind of disease which destroys that faculty of mind which exercises responsibility.

SZASZ: Most intelligent people, leaders of the intellectual world, believe just what you are saying. That's exactly what people believe. But that gets us back into this model that, just like there are livers and kidneys, there are certain faculties of mind that get selectively destroyed, a sort of brain disease which we now assume diminishes responsibility. For example, now a typical scenario is that some congressman gets arrested for anything from embezzling money to a homosexual act and then says, "I was not responsible for this because I suffer from a disease called alcoholism."

HIGH TIMES: So you believe that one must have a constant moral awareness and struggle to prevent one's acts from harming other people.

Szasz: Absolutely.

HIGH TIMES: Your work has been a critique



and the God-given right and every other kind of right to take anything he wants to."



of the hidden religious values behind "the therapeutic state," hasn't it?

Szasz: The therapeutic state is really the embodiment of a new religion. A state religion. A mystical priesthood bamboozling people, pitted against individuals who want to be their own masters. Modern psychiatry, especially forensic psychiatry, is based on the proposition that it's terrible to execute people. Therefore you should make up all kinds of lies about how they are mentally ill, schizophrenia and all-endless complications of Jesuitical nonsense, but it all serves the purpose of keeping somebody from being executed. That may be a very noble goal, but it's certainly not noble to lie about it-and lie about it for months and vears and centuries.

HIGH TIMES: How do you think an ideal society should deal with crime and punishment? Szasz: The first thing I think you would have to do is not to punish anything that doesn't injure other people. Our criminal courts and our jails are clogged with people who have not committed any crime at all in any kind of a commonsense way. All the drug laws, sex laws, prostitution laws, gambling laws create this. Secondly, there is no point in punishing anybody, except economically, who hasn't committed a violent crime. So we are now down to a few thousand people perhaps in a country the size of America instead of having six hundred thousand in jail. You would have just a few thousand.

HIGH TIMES: And what should happen to the murderers?

SZASZ: I think what should happen to them is lifelong or practically lifelong forced labor, and possibly giving them the choice of suicide in jail. I would put this very high on the list. I really think the proper punishment for people who kill is what happened to Judas; that's my model. Now, what happened to Judas?

HIGH TIMES: What did happen to him?

SZASZ: He committed suicide. He hanged himself. You see that the people believe, even good Catholics claim, that suicide is a grave sin. But it's not true. The New Testament doesn't imply that Judas was a sinner. Judas was a sinner for denouncing Jesus. That's why he committed suicide.

HIGH TIMES: So would you do away with suicide hotlines for people?

Szasz: Of course. Absolutely.

HIGH TIMES: You don't think anyone should be talked out of committing suicide? Szasz: If somebody wants to call a hotline, that's fine, but I certainly wouldn't take care of them with federal and state tax money. I think people who want to commit suicidethat's not why people call hotlines. People call hotlines because they want to talk to somebody. So it's the whole semantics of what's really suicide: what would justify any state intervention, any state payments. Now I am certainly old enough to know that it wasn't that long ago when a suicide attempt was a sufficient reason to lock up somebody but good and shock the hell out of his brains, like for example what was done to Ernest Hemingway.

HIGH TIMES: Did he receive electric shock?

Szasz: And how.

HIGH TIMES: I didn't know that. SZASZ: And against his will.

HIGH TIMES: Really? SZASZ: And how.

HIGH TIMES: For "depression"?

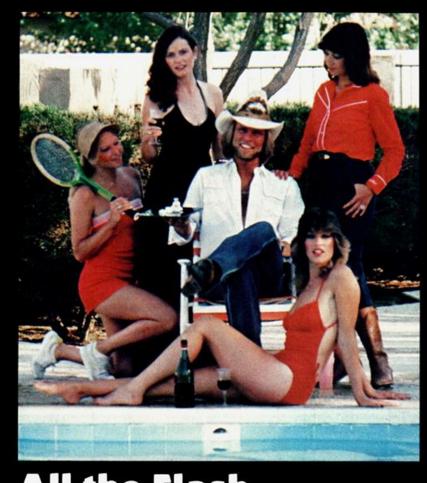
SZASZ: No, for "telling his wife that he wants to kill himself." And they locked him up at a famous clinic and shocked the hell out of him and he said that now they have even destroyed all the remaining talents he had. HIGH TIMES: That is truly horrible. So I'd guess you'd say if one chooses derangement or self-destruction, that's one's own choice as long as it doesn't harm anyone else. You would believe in the abolition of all drug laws then?

SZASZ: The drug laws *are* the drug problem. The people who promote the drug laws are in some ways moral criminals.

HIGH TIMES: Setting aside the legality or illegality, do you think that it's a rational choice for someone to take heroin?

SZASZ: Why do you ask that question? Why don't you ask Is it a rational choice for some-body to have eggs and bacon for breakfast?.

HIGH TIMES: Because as far as I know, I can have eggs and bacon for a couple of weeks and then switch to oatmeal and muffins, but once I've had heroin every morning for a couple of weeks, my body has been physiologically changed so that for the rest of my life I'm in great pain and no longer a free person.



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Pipe People 2972 W. Ball Road Anaheim, California 92804 (714) 995-3540

Liberty Trading 5900 N. Ridge Avenue Chicago, Illinois 60660 (800) 621-6418 Szasz: Not true.

HIGH TIMES: Not true?

Szasz: That is no more true than God rested on Sunday.

HIGH TIMES: Well, am I making a mistake about the effects of heroin?

Szasz: You are making a mistake about the effects of heroin in that you have absolutized what is simply a relatively more painful departure. For example, after you have had a date once or twice with a girl, it is relatively easy to leave her. After you are married for twenty years, it's hard to get a divorce. Those are the dimensions we are talking about. It's harder. That's tough, that's life. So your entire argument has-I think as far as I'm concerned-been liquidated. The question is Why should you have heroin in the first place?

HIGH TIMES: Doesn't that assume that everyone has sufficient knowledge and concern for his individual well-being to make a rational choice?

Szasz: No, it doesn't assume that; it postulates it.

HIGH TIMES: You mean ten-year-old kids? Szasz: No, no, no, we are talking about adults. This is an important parameter. I think we should continue to assume that we are talking about adults, since kids do not have knowledge and control. That is what it means to be a child. This is precisely why kids are economically, physically and existentially dependent on parents, or parent surrogates, to take care of them. And some of those act like kids. But from a political point of view I think adults should be assumed to possess such capability, and if they don't, then they should recognize it and seek help. I don't mean psychiatric help they should seek some guidance or suffer the consequences.

HIGH TIMES: Okay.

SZASZ: But you see the problem: The mistake that somebody may make by taking heroin and then being hooked is no different than the mistake somebody may make by buying long-term government bonds. You know they brought four percent; you know after twenty years and inflationary periods what happens to it. But then they listened to the government. Buy bonds, buy government bonds.

HIGH TIMES: So you say it's only a difference in degree . .

Szasz: Yeah, it's-like everything else, you know. What you are bringing up is really a fundamental aspect of human life to which too little attention is paid. And, again, it's mysticized mainly: Instead of speaking about addiction and dangerous drugs, we should recognize more clearly that human beings need meaning. This is why they become submissive to religious figures.

HIGH TIMES: Well, let's talk about this need for meaning that you've spoken of here. People have a craving for meaning in life and some will get it from religion, some from drugs. Is that something to be condemned? Szasz: Absolutely not. It should be no more condemned than the craving for food or

water or air.

HIGH TIMES: The need for expanding as opposed to shrinking?

Szasz: No, no, no. I wouldn't put it that way. The need for meaning. There can be meaning in shrinking. No, there is a great deal of meaning in shrinking. See, what you and I glibly call shrinking, the shrink people call expansion. Timothy Leary called being high on LSD, being zonked on LSD, expanding your mind.

HIGH TIMES: Well, what do you think of

LSD and Timothy Leary?

Szasz: He was just another intellectual crook.

HIGH TIMES: Just another kook?

Szasz: Crook. **HIGH TIMES:** Crook? Szasz: Crook. Kook. **HIGH TIMES: Kook?**

Szasz: Kooky crook. I like the word crook. I think gurus are all crooks because they're

all selling a phony product.

HIGH TIMES: Well, why is it phony?

Szasz: I think it's phony because it's supposed to answer the problem of life. The problem of life is not answerable. It doesn't matter what the answer is, it's phony.

HIGH TIMES: Well, do you think LSD has suffered too much from its categorization

by shrinks as psychotomimetic?

Szasz: Sure. I really don't know what LSD does except from what I read about it. It seems to me it's quite different, obviously, from the major psychiatric drugs which either tend to make you more sleepy or more awake. I mean amphetamines or barbiturates. It seems to be an interesting drug. Huxley and other people have said it was. Yes, the kind of imagery it offers is probably useful; it's a different way of experiencing oneself in the world.

HIGH TIMES: So you yourself have never been tempted to try any of these.

Szasz: I don't like the idea of tampering with my body.

HIGH TIMES: You drink coffee, no?

Szasz: I drink coffee, but not much. I like the taste of it, you know. I drink alcohol. But I think drugs are dangerous. You don't know what they do, especially in how they affect your central nervous system.

HIGH TIMES: But your attitude is that just as one can choose to drive in an automobile race, which is dangerous, it's a free choice. Szasz: Sure. Option. Life is dangerous. I mean, the purpose of life is not safety, or limitless longevity, or limitless health or limitless youth. I mean, these are all fake answers. What is the purpose of life? The implication in therapeutic states is that the purpose is to be healthy. But healthy for what? To be healthy to sit and watch television?

HIGH TIMES: Do you think that the purpose of life is to make journeys, discoveries?

Szasz: I think that there is no such thing as the purpose of life. Life is infinitely varied, and that is precisely one of the things that make it enchanting and frightful for people. There are so many possibilities and yet so few possibilities. Obviously we can't do every-

he drug laws are problem. the drug problem. The people who promote the drug laws are in some ways moral criminals".

thing; we have our own limitations. Physical limitations, cultural limitations, economic limitations.

HIGH TIMES: Let's talk some more about your analysis of drug laws. You see them based on religious fanaticism?

Szasz: They are essentially based on a theme which is very much a Nazi theme and which anthropologists have described since The Golden Bough: this theme of contamination and purification.

HIGH TIMES: You're saying the victims of the drug laws are like the Jews in Nazi Germany. Szasz: The whole taboo idea: We are contaminated, these Jews are contaminating us, and the gypsies, these dirty people, this vermin, you have to gas them. Then you get a thousand-year reich. In the same way: These heroin pushers are contaminating us. If you only get rid of heroin you will have a Garden of Eden. There won't be any more problems in America.

HIGH TIMES: And you see a lot of similarities in drug-law persecution.

Szasz: Obviously it's a much more civilized version of it, but still a scapegoat is driven out instead of six million Jews. But it's the same idea. It's a refusal to recognize that the "dirt" is not out there but inside of us.

HIGH TIMES: Okay, well let me ask you this: Since your article on "the therapeutic state" back in the mid '60s, have things gotten worse? Are we no better than the Soviets with their use of political psychiatry?

Szasz: The total context of the two societies is totally different. Thank God. But as far as psychiatry itself goes, I don't think there is a great deal of difference. I would say probably things have gotten worse since I wrote that article.

HIGH TIMES: In what sense?

Szasz: In the sense that there is even more deeply ingrained and even more pervasive psychiatric craziness about both drugs and psychiatry generally. The so-called deinstitutionalization program has added insult to injury. Now it's even worse. At least then most mental patients had a safe roof over their heads. The state mental hospitals were not good, but at least they didn't burn down. Now we put mental patients into dilapidated nursing homes in New Jersey and then the buildings burn down. So now we are doing almost what the Nazis did. Namely kill the mental patients. Except we don't kill them deliberately; we kill them by neglect.

HIGH TIMES: What is the difference between the kind of heavy tranquilizer drugs -these psychiatric straitjackets-which are prescribed by mental hospitals, and recreational drugs that people take.

Szasz: Oh, there is all the difference in the world. The recreational drugs don't cause these dreadful side effects. See, these drugs -Thorazine and the like-are really the chemical realizations of shrinking, they really shrivel up the person. They really are straitjackets, they really immobilize a person. They put brakes within the person. It's like driving with the brake frozen in your car. And they also cause neurological disease known as tardive dyskinesia. Dreadfully ugly "side effect." I'm not even sure it can be called side effect because that seems to be the effect.

HIGH TIMES: And "deinstitutionalization" is dosing people with these drugs and putting them on the streets "cured."

Szasz: It is a complete fraud.

HIGH TIMES: It's created individual mental hospitals within or around each person.

Szasz: The image I like is that it is essentially sweeping the dust from under the rug to under the bureau or dresser. They put them in nursing homes and halfway houses and so on. And they're still on drugs-they're still supported by the state. Let me emphasize one more thing about deinstitutionalization and that is that it is a continuation of the total inhumanity of the system in that the socalled patients who have been institutionalized were never asked or given a choice: Now, Mrs. Jones, would you prefer to stay at Creedmoor or would you like to move to this, er, home in New Jersey? She's never given a chance to look at this place in New Jersey so that she can make a choice. The patient is not given a choice; it's decided this is good for them.

HIGH TIMES: But shouldn't the mental patient know by now that that's what he's in for, in the same way that someone who takes heroin or alcohol should know that that's what's going to happen to them?

Szasz: I think everybody has the constitutional right and the God-given right and every other kind of right to take anything he wants to. Assuming he knows what he is taking and he is informed. Therefore, my objection to psychiatric drugs is not so much in what they do but that they are by and large given involuntarily and without information. And therefore they are bad even if it's an aspirin, even if it's a glass of water. If you don't want to drink water, then you shouldn't be given it.

HIGH TIMES: And they rob you of choice

once you take them.

Szasz: Well, from what I know about heroin, my impression is that heroin is an excellent medicine for cough.

HIGH TIMES: That's right. It used to be in

Bayer cough syrup.

Szasz: It's the best anticough medicine.

HIGH TIMES: Uh-huh.

SZASZ: It's also a very good painkiller. It helps the pain of terminal cancer patients. Now for anything else, I don't know why anybody in his right mind would take it except for somebody who wants to be zonked out, who wants to "feel good," and for that it's okay, you know. So whether it's good or bad is really like saying a car is good. It's good for driving, not for flying.

HIGH TIMES: What's your view of what in the '60s and the '70s was pictured as an alternate to traditional psychiatry: human potential and the encounter-group movement. Do you think that's a legitimate-

Szasz: I look upon all of these as various little sects. There are the big sects with Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Episcopalians; there are all the little sects. There are big nothingnesses and little nothingnesses.

HIGH TIMES: One can't look to them for personal liberation?

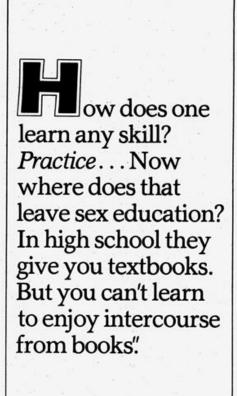
SZASZ: These touchy-feely togetherness groups-I'm rather skeptical of any of the methods which emphasize group rather than individual therapy. You see, in the beginning there was something about the very arrangement of individual therapy. It was confidential and somebody really paid attention. That situation has a potentiality of being liberating.

HIGH TIMES: You've written a book critical of sex therapists and the "medicalization of sex." What's your opinion of the earlier sexual theorist Wilhelm Reich and his prescription of orgasms for health?

SZASZ: He deified sex. He implied that if only people generally would have these ideal orgasms, there would be no fascism, no communism, no poverty and no problems. In some way it would be a Garden of Eden again. But this to me is patently silly. It is just like Catholicism or communism or any other ism.

HIGH TIMES: What would you say the function of the orgasm is?

Szasz: There is no such thing as What is the function of the orgasm? It's like saying What is the function of pleasure from drugs? Now this is not an answer to your question, but I want to get this in. It's been in the back of my mind. What seems to me the really towering dishonesty of the modern sexologists like Masters and Johnson is in their ration-



alizations. They talk about how they want to make people sexually happy and want to give people better orgasms. But since the sexual experience is not the only one that human beings crave, and since the drug experience is one people do crave, how come they don't want to help people with the drug experience?

HIGH TIMES: Have better drug experiences? SZASZ: Yes. How come? This is not an idle question. Consider the following: A hundred years ago in the United States a human being had an unqualified political and economic right and opportunity to buy and ingest any drug he wanted. Nobody stood in his way. Not the state, not the politicians and not the doctors. But supposing he wanted to publish a picture like is now in Playboy. He would have been in jail for years and years and years, right? Now you can do all these things in a sexual realm, but the drug realm is completely closed off. Do we have more freedom or less freedom?

HIGH TIMES: I think we gained and lost, lost and gained.

SZASZ: I think we have lost.

HIGH TIMES: Why is that? Don't you think the expansion of sexual freedom has been-Szasz: Because expansion of sexual freedom has not been nearly as great as the loss in the drug sphere, and the expansion in sexual freedom actually has been a pseudo expansion.

HIGH TIMES: How is that?

Szasz: Because the fact that you don't have Playboy pictures does not mean that people couldn't enjoy sex a hundred years ago.

HIGH TIMES: That's true.

Szasz: And now it seems that we have also been going for a restriction of the sexual freedom. There is the antisexuality inherent in psychoanalysis. It's built into the system. And, incidentally, it's built into Freud's own life. It's built into the life of these people. These are deeply antisexual people.

HIGH TIMES: What is the "double-talk" you've said you believe Masters and John-

son guilty of?

SZASZ: The fact is that Masters and Johnson have rented out rooms to people to have sexual intercourse with hired women, and they call this a medical enterprise.

HIGH TIMES: Well, is it people having sex with hired women or calling it a medical

enterprise you object to?

Szasz: Calling it a medical enterprise. That's a profound semantic deception, like calling gas chambers shower stalls.

HIGH TIMES: But is that a fair comparison to maybe having a good time with someone

that you paid for?

SZASZ: I think it's a good analogy when we see people creating a context in which all kinds of individual enterprise is being curtailed under medical auspices. These sexologists are solidly for medical repression. Every area.

HIGH TIMES: You think that they're incapable of doing anything to help people?

SZASZ: No, they're not incapable. I think they solidly believe in medical paternalism. It isn't a question of capable. They believe that doctors should lead other people by the nose.

HIGH TIMES: Is there a fundamental assumption in your book that there is really no difference between good sex and bad sex, that it's only what one decides to judge it in one's mind?

SZASZ: No, no, no, no, no. I mean, after all, there is gourmet eating and lousy eating. There's a difference between listening to some horrible beginner playing the piano and listening to Vladimir Horowitz.

HIGH TIMES: So there is some virtue to selfimprovement in the sexual realm, or to looking for help from other people?

SZASZ: Yes, but you are omitting the one way in which one can learn anything, and you know that very well. Obviously you're that kind of person. How does one learn any skill?

HIGH TIMES: Well . . .

SZASZ: There's one English word for it. There's only one way to do it. Practice.

HIGH TIMES: Practice, yes.

Szasz: You practice a piano, you practice skiing, you practice writing, you've got to practice it.

HIGH TIMES: Right.

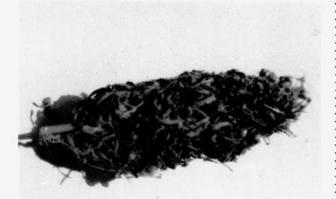
SZASZ: Now where does that leave sex education? In high school they give you textbooks. But you can't learn to enjoy intercourse from books.

HIGH TIMES: Don't you admit that there are people who can't get a date and-

SZASZ: So it's very hard for them. Tough. continued on page 69

FREE

YOU WANT IT



YOU GROW IT



THIS UP TO DATE NEWSLETTER SHOWS YOU HOW

METAL HALIDES

The bulbs on the halides have a tendency to change colors sometimes. You may notice that suddenly your light is glowing a little pinker. Or one bulb will have a slightly different color than another bulb. This, strange as it may seem, is quite normal to the halides and you don't need to worry about it. It is caused by the coating in the glass shield I was talking about earlier, and its effect on the color spectrum is so slight that the plants won't know the difference.

POSITIONING

Always hook up your lights to a pulley system. In that manner you can raise and lower your lights as needed. If you have a large bank of lights, then an easy way to raise them is by affixing the lights to a two by four and raising the board instead of the individual lights. However, you must at no time leave the lights at an angle. Make sure the board is level to + 150 or the lights will not function, and may break.

HEAT

Halides emit heat. This is an advantage in large cool rooms and a disadvantage in a small closet. The heat is not great but a very small space should be properly ventillated.

The components of the ballast last much longer if kept cool and their life is drastically shortened if they are overheated. So never, never stack your ballasts one on top of the other. Don't place them near heaters or any place which is particularly warm.

FIAT LUX (QUESTIONS)

Got a letter requesting my learned opinion (hey listen, I can call myself learned if I want to) on N.F.T. and pot.

N.F.T. stands for Nutrient Film Technique and is a system of hydroponics where there is a constant 'film' of nutrient being run through a container, generally vinyl flexible tube/bag of sorts. This tube is placed on an incline board. The angle is very critical since the entire thing works on the principle of gravity and too much of an angle would cause the flow to be too rapid. The nutrient is collected at the bottom of the system and pumped back up to the holding tank which sits on the high end on the board.

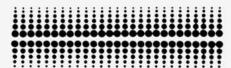
The vinyl bag has holes punched through it wherever the plants go in. The roots of the plants are then washed over by the nutrient and all grow 'downstream'. As a result, the roots of all the plants become totally interwound...

For pot growing, the drawback is the inability to pull out males without destroying the neighboring plants.

BENDING

One very important factor in increasing your yield is in bending (see the second issue). One fellow called in to castigate me, said I didn't emphasize this enough. Seems his crop totally outstripped his expections. Don't bend a tiny little two week old plant. Wait till it stands at least a couple of feet tall. I should pass on a great tip given me by a charming lady from Virginia (are all southern ladies charming?).

Seems her psychiatrist husband, uses pipe cleaners for bending than rather copper Magnificent idea. Much obliged, ma'am.



THE ABOVE INFORMATION ON HOME GROWING IS

	CERPTED FROM THE OMEGROWN QUARTERLY
Enclos	ed is my check for:
☐ One	Year Subscription \$6.50
Name	
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City	
State_	Zip
	aeon products, inc.
A	7 commercial Blod.

ÆDN (415) 883 - 7828

Jan

E TUNAS
obby, the high-profile, high-stepping half of the lack Tuna gang leadership.
obby the low-key pacifist counterpart to Platshorn.
he Colombian kingpin self-monickered "Black Tuna".
obby's well-intentioned wife.
Big Gene," heavy-set security man for Platshorn, who in lobster boats on the side.
Chip, another security man whom the government epicted as having an "army" at his command.
oat captain and inept briber.
lico," an elusive Cuban who got the shortest time of em all.
acht builder's heir who disappeared before the trial and hasn't come to the surface since.
arnest smuggling pilots who couldn't seem to keep
om crashing or getting captured.
vo more poor souls dragged down with the bigger fish.

PEOPLE THE TUNAS WOULD LIKE TO FORGET

RAY JIMINEZ	State's witness against Platshorn, Meinster and the rest; worked at South Florida Auto Auction, fired
	from auction for running teenage hurglary ring
LUKE McLEOD	Government witness, allegedly sold Platshorn and Meinster their first shipment of weed.
DR. MOE KELLER	
LARRY RICHTER	Yet another government tunester, sometime "bunco artist and coke dealer," convicted of stock fraud and arranged stash houses for Jiminez.
GEORGE PURVIS, JR	. Wealthy government fink, alleged arms dealer and dope dealer from North Carolina, involved with one Wade Bailey notorious paid dope informant; was facing prison when he turned over for the feds.
ROY ROSCOE WALKER, JR STEPHAN EDWARD CASSADY	. Aspiring smuggling pilots who turned over, both from North Carolina.
STANLEY MYATT BILL JOHNSON	. Special employees for the DEA who promised to use their information on the Tunas' behalf in return for \$55,000 in regards to the North Carolina bust; later they helped the feds in Miami; pro snitches used nationwide.
	THE FEDS

THE FEDS

. . Special attorney for the Justice Department.

	Agents for the Drug Enforcement Administration.
ROBERT FELDTKAMP	
CHARLES VOPAT	
BRENT EATON	
ATLEE WAMPLER	Miami chief of the Justice Department Organized
	Crime Task Force.
WALTER SCHROEDER	United States attorney.

JAMES LAWRENCE KING United States District Court judge.

The tourists don't stay here long-just enough to take

a breather before heading down to the islands where the weather is clear, the bullets scarce and gambling is provided.

The ones that stay they refer to Miami, their city, as Dodge City. They carry guns, at least one; they seem to expect the worst. A metropolitan schizophrenia: Caribbean gangsterism, ultraright-wing Cuban gunsels, coke dealers, Christian fundamentalists against porn and the ERA, old Jewish people still holding on to threads of liberalism, seething unrest in Liberty City charges of police brutality police corruption, Cubans hating blacks, Cubans hating Haitians, Cuban dealers versus Colombian suppliers, Rastas trying to get a foothold in opposition to Anglo and Latino dealers, double and triple informants running all over the place, abjectly poor boat people wandering shoeless through the streets ... no one is in control except by force of arms and heavy doses of cash...

Robert Platshorn, his wife, Lynne, and their children were sleeping in the early-morning hours of May 1 when the front and back doors of the house in Miami exploded open. Suddenly the drowsing household was filled with serious men brandishing large



weapons. The children screamed as the strange men shoved guns up against the parents' heads and loudly announced they were under arrest. Across town a similar scene was being repeated at the home of Robert Meinster and his family. In neither house were arms of any kind, yet the men who identified themselves as agents of the DEA could take no chances. As far as these men were concerned, they were nabbing the largest drugsmuggling ring in U.S. history and anything was possible. All over town others were being awakened by similar serious men with drawn pistols. But with the arrest of Platshorn and Meinster, the federal agents were convinced they had nabbed the kingpins, save one. The third major character was a thousand miles away in his homeland of Colombia. His name: Raul Davila-Jimeno, self-titled the Black Tuna. The feds could not reach far enough that morning to put the plastic cuffs on him.

You can tell me your dream, dear And I'll tell you mine. - very old hit song

here, a dramatic lead. That should satisfy Latimer and Stern and the rest of those goddamn editors in New York. To take up the Black Tuna case and Miami in one magazine article is to invite brain bubbles; to try and come up with a lead for same is to have these bubbles boil. But boil this brain must, otherwise the foul story will dog my days like a wronged Typhoid Mary.

By now the Black Tuna trial is but a dim recollection for most people in the country, and not a few in Miami have forgotten it as well, but in 1979 the Black Tuna case was called the "biggest drug ring busted in the history of the United States." That was from then-attorney general Griffin Bell, who called a press conference a day after indictments were handed down on 14 people who became known as "the Black Tuna gang." It was the biggest P.T. Barnum scam the feds had run since the McCarthy hearings of the '50s: truly a desperate act, but one that succeeded for an odd assortment of groups: the DEA, the newspapers, the Cuban and Colombian heavy-fluid coke and grass importers-and Miami's image problems.

Who got nailed to the barn wall with eight-inch spikes were a couple of Jewish guys from Philly, a lobster-boat owner from Cleveland, and an assortment of fuckups and near misses: a collective wrong-o system that had a couple of good years bringing in a respectable weight of marijuana for a decent profit, but was then converted into a monotonous skein of failures that bank-



Robby Meinster



Bobby Platshorn

rupted and eventually destroyed the "notorious" Black Tuna gang. It would make for a slapstick movie starring, say, Elliot Gould and Albert Brooks, except for the crushing sentences that fell on the startled heads of the defendants.

The two principal defendants were Robert Platshorn and Robert Meinster: "Bobby and Robby" from South Philly, boyhood pals on the make who now make their homes in the respective environs of Marion Federal Correctional Institute, Bobby's address for the next 64 years with no parole, and Terre Haute Federal Correctional Institute, where Robby sits for 53 years and no parole. If the court refuses to lower the sentencing when their appeals are filed, these two young men will die in prison for bringing marijuana into the United States. Nothing more. And with no physical evidence to prove its case, the federal government used the paid testimony of informants with criminal records and nothing more than media pandering and exaggeration to drum up conviction of the Tunas. It used a far more dubious tactic in enraging the judge to hand down the outrageous sentences, a tactic that had nothing to do with the charges the Tunas were facing.

And then there was the place itself: Miami, a once-glamorous watering hole for the swingers of the time, gone steadily to seed since the late '50s or, as some like to point out, since the appearance of Fidel Castro. Why the place was named after a tribe of Indians from Wisconsin who migrated to In-



Chip Grant



Lynne Platshorn

diana is beyond me, and I have no inclination to find out. What does fascinate me is the schizophrenic mentality of the Dade County sprawl, the bifurcated sensibility that does nothing but bring misery to the locals. To tell the story of the Tunas and not tell the Miami story would be impossible.

What happened to Platshorn and Meinster and Gene Myers and Chip Grant and all the rest of the Tunas could not have happened anywhere else in this country. There is a maddening sense of evil down the streets of Miami. And through its bars and hotels and right along Collins Avenue past the Fontainebleau Hotel runs an almost constant palpation of imminent violence and death that assaults you with a subtropical perfume of decay and corruption. If you don't drown in the humidity, you drown in the fear. The fear of guns going off all of a sudden is one of the more common fears in Dade County. . . Daid Dead County. Another is getting caught with contraband.

The Black Tuna indictment was handed down May 1, 1979, by federal prosecutors in Miami. It was accomplished by coast-tocoast publicity over the wire services and network news, its importance endorsed by Atty. Gen. Griffin Bell in a special news conference called the day following release of the indictment. Bell, in fact, broke one of his own rules in going public so soon after the indictment (just one month after relieving a U.S. attorney of his duties for calling just such a press conference). But there was too much riding on the indictment for the Jus-

tice Department not to make as much publicity as possible in the case. For two years a joint effort by the FBI and the DEA called Operation Banco had dropped nearly \$1 million in South Florida to uncover major drug-smuggling operations there. The concept of Banco was to trace large cash deposits through South Florida banks and tie them directly to heavy traffickers. While the feds assured themselves and the public that Banco was going to be the big operation that would finally break the massive marijuana and cocaine flow with its even more massive cash return, Operation Banco foundered in these heavy seas and came apart like a rotting shrimp boat. The FBI-DEA task force found itself scrambling desperately under pressures from Washington: the Senate Banking Committee began taking a close look at the negative results of Banco, and despite massive funding and gung-ho projections the Banco boys were looking like losers. Allegedly the Senate Banking Committee was being informed of the dismal results of Banco by two agencies not asked to join the operation: the IRS and Customs.

For some years there had been no love lost between Customs and the DEA. In fact, hard feelings between the two agencies go back to the inception of the DEA on July 1, 1973. The idea for the DEA burst from the remarkably paranoiac mind of G. Gordon Liddy. Here is a very brief chronology of Liddy's offspring:

Liddy's 1971 position paper called for the formation of a drug-enforcement agency that would operate directly out of the executive branch of the government. Narcotics agents would be culled from the (now defunct) Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs; the IRS; Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms; and the Bureau of Customs. This plan would not need Congressional approval. Money would be funneled to the new agency through the LEAA (Law Enforcement Assistance Administration) via local police agencies and hence to the new force. The motivation behind this supernarc agency wasn't to combat drug trafficking but to create a White House secret police: wiretaps by the BNDD, IRS tax audits and even CIA "special operations." The constant hammering by the Nixon administration on the terrible drug menace would marshal public support for such a sinister federal police administration. But the real purpose was to maintain political control through a climate of fear, a climate that was constantly being seeded by a high-powered propaganda machine out of the White House. One reason for Nixon's approval of the Liddy plan was the inability to control the established agencies of Customs, IRS and BNDD by the executive office.

Even at that early date, mistrust and resentment by officials in Customs and IRS was apparent in their relations with the newly forming DEA. After several years, the rift widened, with Customs accusing the DEA of botching dope busts and generally interfering with what Customs feels is its jurisdiction.

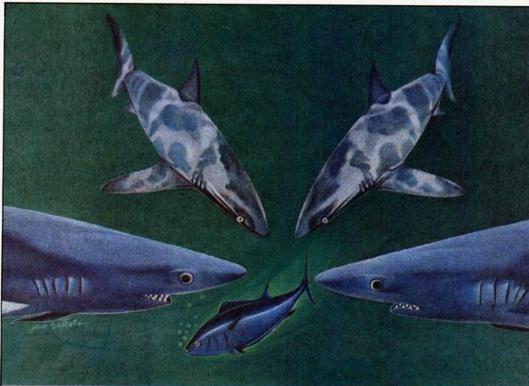
By 1979 the DEA saw the writing on the wall in D.C. With not a little gloating, Customs and IRS announced their own banking investigation in the Miami area called Operation Greenbacks. To any simple observer it was clear DEA had to come up with something to justify its funding, not only for Banco but for the next budget as well. What they managed to put together became known as the Black Tuna gang. That such an organization existed, though not referring to itself in those terms, is undisputed by participants. That the Tunas were the "biggest drug ring in U.S. history" is laughable, but at the time DEA, FBI and Justice were successful in selling the Tunas as a "sophisticated corporation" with an "armada" of ships, a "fleet" of trucks, an "army" like "marines," planes enough to "rival a small airline," all operating with "military precision." And the newspapers in Miami, along with Newsweek, the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal and the three major network news departments, swallowed the government's scenario without question. Shit, something perceived as this big is well worth the ride. And the perception was orchestrated by the feds out of desperation and a pragmatic urge of self-preservation. Those in the media who abetted the circus, by dutifully reporting even the most bizarre allegations by DEA agents and the prosecution without

hysteria and self-righteousness it is nearly impossible to see how the participants managed to get through the proceedings without total breakdown. In fact, one of the prosecutors *did* have a nervous breakdown during the course of the trial. The indictment ran 105 pages and named in it were Platshorn, Meinster, Gene Myers, Chip Grant, Modesto Echezarreta-Cruz, Lynne Platshorn, Dr. Moe Keller, Randall Fisher, Mark Phillips, Carl London, Greg Poulos, Ronald Elliot, Roy Walker, Jr., and ... Raul Davila-Jimeno, the Black Tuna.

Yes, folks, yes it's THE BLACK TUNA SHOW. See Hundreds of Tons of Marijuana Sink in the Caribbean. See Planes Crash in the Colombian Jungles. See Paid Informants Scurry for the Phones. See Two Boys from Philly Swamped in Florida. See the Boys from Philly Sit in Prison...Forever

No, no, that's not the way it went, say the feds, no.

But it is the way it went—in part. The entire labyrinthine case is so densely crammed with characters (some of whom are congenital liars, while others get paid quite well to fink and lie) it would take much, much



question, today make evasive noises when confronted with the realities in the case.

If you make a lie big enough, if you tell it often enough, it will become the truth and people will believe it.

-Joseph Goebbels

The Black Tuna trial would last five and a half months in the federal courthouse in Miami, a trial so fraught with deception, more time and space than a magazine article can afford in order to get way down into the Tuna mélange and come up with a glittering pearl that neatly wraps the entire nightmare and phantasm into a clearly perceived ball, a whole understanding.

I'm sitting here at Chaos Control going out of my faltering mind amid pages of indictments, testimony, news clips, interviews, correspondence, law books, tape recordings, notes, false starts and snake eggs. Cascading piles of this detritus push in on me and the typer, though with less urgency than the .38 pressing my temple in that goddamn bar near Little Havana a few weeks ago. Now that was an urgent situation, however on balance the nut of what all this research (as it's known in the trade) yields is a much more pressing fact than a memory of a coke-fried Cuban substituting his pistol for his manhood; what it comes down to in this number known simply as the Black Tuna is that anyone getting caught importing marijuana into the United States can get put away for life. No parole, real lifetime behind bars. Cold nuts, eh, children? And that's not for a second or third offense. A first time mistake and you, dear aspiring smuggler, could be living rent-free for 50 or 60 years courtesy the federal government.

Robert Platshorn is 39 years old this year. He is serving 64 years with no parole in Marion Federal Correctional Institute. If he has to serve all his time, if his appeal dies, he will undoubtedly die behind the walls. Platshorn's partner and boyhood friend from South Philly, Robert Meinster, is doing 54 years. If his appeal fails, he, too, will grow old in prison. Both Meinster and Platshorn have young families, with children just old enough to perceive what has happened to their fathers. And in the Platshorn children's case, their mother, Lynne, is also doing time. She recently had a heart attack in prison, according to one of the lawyers involved in their case. If it weren't for these miserable conditions-these obviously outrageous sentences slammed onto the lives of Platshorn and Meinster and the other defendants in the Black Tuna trial-it would be a hoot worthy of a cranked-up Gilbert and Sullivan. However, that just ain't the way it went.

The federal prosecutors managed to get their guilty verdicts without presenting one piece of physical evidence connected to Meinster or Platshorn or Gene Myers or Chip Grant, the four men who got the most severe sentences. The government's case was built entirely upon paid informants, some of whom perjured themselves on more than one occasion. But, in fact, the Tunas lost their case in the newspapers and news broadcasts in Miami. Everyone wanted to believe these inept smugglers were the Monster Dope Smugglers of All Time: the DEA, the FBI, the prosecutors, the judge, the papers, the people of Miami and even some of the defense attorneys. The newspapers ran over 80 stories from the time of the indictment until the sentencing-stories that were little more than press releases by the prosecution.

The official story went like this: In 1974, Bobby Platshorn allegedly put together a dope deal with Simmons Lucas McLeod at the Milwaukee Fairgrounds, where Platshorn was working as a barker demonstrating electric blenders. The arrangement was to have 2,500 pounds of marijuana delivered to Robby Meinster, a used-car dealer in Philadelphia and Platshorn's longtime friend. The shipment was to come from Florida to Cherry Hill, New Jersey, and then on to Phil-

ly. A Miami chiropodist named Dr. Morris Keller was to drive the load from Florida in a rental truck. Allegedly, all of this did come down and Platshorn and Meinster were now in the marijuana business. However, these two South Philly boys had just gone into business with the first in a chain of dubious jokers who would hand them over to the cops at the first profitable opportunity. For the next two years Platshorn and Meinster did a moderately successful turnover trade in Philadelphia. Perhaps because it had been so easy, perhaps Platshorn's inflated self-opinion and keen ambition was to blame, perhaps it simply seemed like the logical next step; but for whatever reasons,

What the indictment doesn't mention is that it was Keller who supplied Platshorn and Meinster with this specious document. Curiously, in the chronology of the indictment, it is at this period when the good Dr. Keller disappears from the Tunas' history. Another interesting sidelight from this '76 time frame is the amount of money the Tunas were paying for their marijuana: nearly \$300 a pound in ton quantities. Very, very bad business there. Street prices were very near that amount on a one-pound basis. This is the first indication in the indictment that the government was inflating the Tunas' purchases in order to protray them as a multimillion-dollar enterprise.



the two decided to move their operation down to the throbbing center of the industry: Miami.

In the summer of 1976 Platshorn and his wife, Lynne, along with Meinster opened the South Florida Auto Auction located at 2979 NW 36 in Miami. Almost immediately a fellow by the name of Raymond Rene Jiminez appeared at the auto auction. Platshorn hired Jiminez as controller of the auto auction. Jiminez later became one of the star paid informants in the Tuna trial three years later. Along with Moe Keller, Jiminez was the type of sleazoid who would sell his daughter's virginity to cover his ass and make a few bucks on the side. Again it does not speak well of Platshorn's judgment in bringing in someone of Jiminez's dubious qualities. Platshorn later fired Jiminez from the auto auction for running a teenage burglary ring out of the auction offices. It is apparent from the indictment that Keller and Jiminez were friends during this time.

Keller supposedly telephoned Jiminez in September 1976 to inform him that the auto auction was "a front for a very large marijuana smuggling operation that had the power and inclination to murder any informant, either in or out of prison, because of its vast intelligence network and contacts with law-enforcement circles." Jiminez was convinced of this when Platshorn, Meinster and Myers showed Jiminez a DEA computer readout in the offices of the auto auction, according to the indictment.

From 1976 until December 1977 Platshorn and Meinster enjoyed success in their smuggling enterprise. During this period the group expanded to include Mark Phillips, son of Striker Yachts founder Herbert R. Phillips of Ft. Lauderdale. Mark showed Platshorn and Meinster how to raise the waterline on a boat in order to carry heavy loads while appearing to ride in the water at a normal depth. Phillips also provided two yachts for off-loading shipments from "mother ships" from Colombia, according to the government.

Nineteen seventy-seven was the year Platshorn and Meinster's operation became the most active, flamboyant and doomed. It was the year they began doing continued business with a young jefe of Santa Marta, Colombia, by the name of Raul Davila-Jimeno, otherwise known as the Black Tuna. Davila is a well-connected young man from a prosperous Colombian family who seems to enjoy the run of the northeastern quarter of that country. On one occasion when two pilots for Platshorn and Meinster landed their plane near Santa Marta and were immediately arrested by a Colombian army colonel, Davila had them sprung. It is from this Colombian connection that Platshorn and Meinster and their associates became known as the Black Tuna gang.

However, in reading the indictment one discovers that Davila was not the sole source for the Tunas. In fact, according to

the government, the same month Platshorn was bragging (as he was too often disposed to do) about his Colombian connection, another deal was being struck with Modesto Echezarreta-Cruz, also known as Tico. Tico came up with a sample of weed for Platshorn and Meinster. According to the government, the two Philly boys went for the deal and the load was to be delivered to a safehouse at San Marino Island. The supply was allegedly through a Cuban smuggling operation.

Why, if the Tunas were so heavily connected in Colombia for multiton shipments and had already, at least according to the feds, made hundreds of millions of dollars, would they get involved with a bunch of Cubans for 16,000 pounds of weed? Because they weren't seeing clearly at the time, could be one answer. Another could be that they thought they could pull off just about anything at that point. Yet another, they just weren't very bright when it came to choosing their business associates. Whatever the case, the house at San Marino Island was busted the very night the shipment came in. Supposedly a neighbor noticed two cars and a large truck parked outside the house and, thinking a robbery was taking place, called the cops. The Miami Beach cops showed up, looked through the windows and all they saw were bales and bales. While waiting for backup officers, the two cops said they heard people running out the back door. This was the bust, according to the government at the time of the start of the trial, that led to the Tuna indictment. Later, the government would tout Operation Banco as the source for the Tuna bust. Neither one is the way the shitrain fell on the unwitting Tunas.

From all indications the San Marino deal was a middled number out of the auto auction at the Fontainebleau Hotel, where for some bizarre reason Platshorn had taken up a suite and leased the marina and barber shop. This was yet another example of Platshorn's high-rolling brazen ego. No one runs a heavy smuggling industry out of a high-profile hotel, especially with the flamboyance Platshorn seemed drawn to, almost fatally, without the obvious consequences.

Too many people knew exactly what the Tunas were doing, and in Miami that's as good as a kiss from the DEA. There were several other smuggling operations that put the Tunas down to the bush leagues. We're talking serious business here, a million dollars a day, each week, each month for year after year. People who live quietly, out of the lights, respectable-not running around with some gimcrack medallion around their neck depicting a canned fish, or hobnobbing with geeks who positively broadcast "Fink Fink Fink," or throwing too-loose parties in too well known locations, or coking their brains out to Planet Claire and hiring a helicopter to hang over the house of someone who's not doing right and threatening to have the chopper drop a 55-gallon drum of diesel fuel on them and their children especially if that person is a member of the Cuban community. No, no, and again no. The Tunas were out of their league and way in over their heads. And 1977 was the last year to ride the high wave.

According to the government's star paid informant, Ray Jiminez, the informant who "remembered it all," the pathetic sleazoid who talked like John Dean on methedrine, Platshorn told him the Tunas had imported 980,000 pounds of Colombian weed in a 16-month period ending in mid '77. Bobby Platshorn was still the carny barker, touting the scam to the heavens and with a genius for the convincing rap, telling anyone who he thought mattered or was needed of the grandeur of the Tunas. It would all come back to haunt him, twisted though it was by informants and the press.

While Platshorn was bragging, Robby Meinster was worrying. Meinster was in complete contrast to Platshorn. No one, before, during or after the Tuna trial, could say anything bad about Robert Meinster. Refined, soft-spoken, a good husband and father, a slightly built pacifist, Robby Meinster was certainly not cut out for high-tech crime and its oft-accompanying violence and betrayal.

In June of '77, according to Jiminez, Robby told him he was afraid the business had been infiltrated by a federal agent. Yes, well ... tell a paid informer all about it, then look around to see if you are still all there. Meinster was just about to meet his *third* paid informer in a few weeks following his suspicions. This one would get him busted right between the eyes, just like one of those stuffed clowns in a carny baseball throw. The Tunas had worked out a deal through Mark Phillips, the Striker Yacht executive, where a well-to-do North Carolina boy named George Purvis, Jr., would aid them in a North Carolina multiton dropoff.

In July a meeting was arranged at Platshorn's house and a plan was worked out where 40,000 pounds would be brought in from one of Davila's ships, through one of the thousand inland waterways in North Carolina and on to the tables of the Eastern seaboard. By now the yacht Phillips had sold to Platshorn and Meinster for \$223,000 in cash one Sunday earlier in the month had been renamed the Presidential. The preliminary plans for the operation were made aboard the yacht with Platshorn, Meinster and Randall Fisher going over nautical maps of the Carolina coast. Then Platshorn flew to Fayetteville, North Carolina, checked into a motel and met with Mark Phillips and George Purvis, Jr. Then the fellows hired a chopper and checked out the prospective route. Through the following days in August the operation's details were worked out with a target date of Labor Day for the number to go down. Besides the Presidential, another Striker yacht, Nature's Way, also the property of Meinster, Platshorn and Phillips, was to be brought up to join in the off-loading of the ship.

But before any of this complicated scheme could come off, another smuggling venture was to take place involving some 31,000 pounds aboard the *Presidential*. What the DEA and federal prosecutors would later hammer away in the newspapers at, the "military precision," "sophisticated operation" and so forth, was not to be seen in the Tunas' operations in 1977 and 1978. On August 31 the *Presidential* began taking on water after ramming the mother ship during off-loading and was sinking off the island of Great Abaco in the Bahamas. So the captain ran the yacht aground to avoid the demise of the vessel.

Pumps had to be sent immediately to the foundering boat if the load was to be salvaged. During discussions at the Pompano Aviation Center tensions broke out between Platshorn and his bodyguard, Gene Myers. Myers refused to go down to Great Abaco to bail out the yacht. It was obvious to Myers the risk was too great in the operation, but Platshorn insisted it had to be done. It becomes apparent the Tunas' fortunes were in as bad a condition as the shipwrecked Presidential during this time, otherwise why take the enormous risk in getting caught aboard the weed-laden boat by Bahamian patrols? Platshorn himself, along with Chip Grant, loaded one of the pumps aboard Platshorn's Piper Cherokee and took off for the island with Robert Wheeler at the controls. The remaining pump was to be flown down via a rented helicopter.

Too late: The Presidential was sinking. George Purvis, Ir., was sent aboard the Nature's Way to salvage the load. This proved a failure as well, and on September 2 Bahamian Police Marines seized the Presidential and the 31,000 pounds of Colombian smoke. However, Randall Fisher, who had been dispatched to aid in the salvage with the Big Glo II, yet another Striker owned by Platshorn, Meinster and Phillips, did not know of the seizure by the Bahamians and early in the morning of September 3 attempted to rescue the marijuana. Pulling up to the Presidential, Fisher discovered the Bahamian marines and fled. Meanwhile, Platshorn and his wife, Lynne, split for Mexico City from Great Abaco when they learned of the Bahamian seizure. Meinster later said the botched operation cost the Tunas a stark million dollars. But, unfortunately, the downward, ever-speeding spiral was to continue.

Now that the Presidential was lost, another yacht was needed for the postponed North Carolina operation. Through Purvis and Phillips, a fellow named Wade Bailey and his yacht, the Ossprey, were offered as a substitute. Bailey was okayed and in late September the operation geared up for an early-October rendezvous and off-loading. During this time Mark Phillips was dealing directly with Purvis and, through him, with Bailey. In the first week of October Phillips told Purvis the ship was delayed because feds were aware of the loading of the mother ship. Then another delay came down because the ship was still being observed. Then Wade Bailey began making demands for additional money above the \$10,000 he had been paid up front. Purvis became suspicious of Bailey and suggested another boat be employed. The operation was now mired for the next two months; the Tunas' "military precision" dragged on until December.

Meinster and Chip Grant had now traveled to North Carolina to set up communications and a safe storage depot for the operation. Grant was a beefy young man described by one lawyer as a "Baby Huey" character. He was also communications expert and head of security for the auto auction. Later during the Tuna indictment and trial "Chip's Army" was the name the informants and prosecutors used to describe Grant's meager cache of weapons: two rifles and a handgun. Although the feds painted a pic-

Internally, the Tunas were really coming apart. Blame flew through Platshorn's house like screaming bats shitting all over first one then another. But things were desperate and another deal had to be put together; this one once again involved the Cubans. And this one failed just like all the rest in the past year. It was now 1978. Bad rumblings grew closer. The rival importers could smell failure, the potential informants within the Tunas were looking for their way out when the badness came to call, Platshorn and Meinster kept stumbling down that long lonesome road. During this period, Jiminez was fired from the auto auction. A woman employed at the auction com-



Meinster's hacienda: at home behind bars.

ture of a score of armed "soldiers" complete with hand grenades, grenade launchers, machine guns and assault rifles, all they could come up with was three guns.

However, while up in North Carolina, Grant did evidence a persuasion to terminal methods. As the days went on it became increasingly clear that Wade Bailey was not strictly kosher: There were brown stains around his mouth as it were, and they were U.S-government issue.

Grant suggested straightaway to Meinster that Bailey should be offed. Meinster, typically, said, "No. What we do is double his money." The naiveté and almost winsome approach Meinster shows in this is appalling. It is crucial in understanding the Tunas, at least in Meinster's case. Here is, supposedly, one of the kingpin drug smugglers in the United States, who has just lost a cool million and has just been informed that a paid snitch is operating in a crucial place of business and he says no to a hit and doubles the snitch's money-obviously unaware that a paid snitch will simply take the extra gravy and turn over just as he planned in the first place. Robby Meinster had no business in these treacherous waters.

Two days after Grant's conversation with Meinster, Bailey got busted, as predicted. He also got paid from both ends and managed to get 11,000 pounds of pot squirreled away to boot. The bust hadn't reached out and nabbed Meinster, Platshorn or Grant—that would take a few months yet. But when Grant found out that Bailey turned over, he immediately wanted to do some vile things to Wade Bailey. Meinster still couldn't bring himself to any such thing. He sent money to the off-loaders who were busted in North Carolina.

plained to Meinster that he had inveigled her two teenage sons into a burglary and fencing operation right out of the auction. Meinster discovered this to be true. He also discovered Jiminez was cooking up coke deals out of the office with a few of the many unsavory dealers in the area. Meinster fired his ass. And Jiminez went on to a lot of trouble in Tampa and Ft. Lauderdale, in order to get out of which he turned over like a happy puppy. And \$70,000 made it palatable.

The Tunas had just enough time to put together a couple more fucked-up deals. Somehow Platshorn decided to buy a couple of airplanes in Paris, Texas, from a preacher and have them flown from Texas and Mississippi to Colombia and into the arms of Davila. There the planes were to be loaded with weed and (the government alleges) cocaine. Now the Tunas had not imported cocaine. As Meinster would say later, the stuff was too heavy; serious business, although the return was greater, but no, the feds really bust you for something like that. Meinster found out the hard way the feds can really bust you for marijuana, too.

Well, the first plane sent to Colombia crashed and another plane had to be sent to pick up the pilots. The first plane crashed in January and the three Tunas, Carl London, Stephen Cassady and George Purvis, Jr., were finally flown out of Colombia in a Cessna 310. Platshorn made another desperate trip to Texas and bought another plane, an old Convair, from the good reverend in Paris. Once again another smuggling run was in the works. The Tunas now had a flaky former airline pilot working for them. Roy Walker had a nifty idea of stealing an Eastern 747, loading it up with weed, then crashing it in the sea where the pot would

be removed before the plane sank. That's the sort of characters the "sophisticated" Tunas had been reduced to using. That sort and the others, the ones who were working for the DEA.

Walker landed the Convair in Colombia, allegedly met with Davila, who took them to his house, and got ready to load up the plane. Then it was discovered one of the Convair's engines would not start. They were stuck. Platshorn flew down to see what could be done, according to the government. Davila assured them a plane would be available. But March dragged on to April and Walker and the Convair were still there. Finally Walker was flown out aboard Greg Poulos's Cessna, along with George Purvis, Jr., and Steve Cassady. But not before the Colombian soldiers had put them all in the slammer and Davila had to pay to get them out. Nothing came back with the rescue plane but worn-out would-be smugglers. According to the government's indictment, the Tuna saga ends here: April 15, 1978.

A year later Platshorn and his wife, Lynne, along with Meinster, would be awakened in the early morning hours of May 1, Law Day, with federal pistols placed against their skulls. The Black Tuna Show was about to begin.

It is not necessarily the people involved who are bad; it is the place itself and the cocaine, the undreamed-of instant wealth...true millions passing through furtive hands each day. . . Miami accommodated the business, just as it accommodated the Cuban guerrillas and the CIA, and the Mafia before that, and the fundamentalist jeremiads of Anita Bryant and Robert Blake, and the racism, so virulent but hidden, that could only react by raging out in an orgy of fire, blood and suicide in Liberty City. . . It is difficult to bring compassion to this city, and the urge to erupt in a biblical tirade of damnation must be staved off with some effort . . . All modern cities are rife with violence and bigotry and fear, but in Miami these givens are cranked up to where hyperbole is often not enough to describe the menace and corruption..

It is a new land—a city that is part Southern, part New York, part Caribbean; today the dominant form is Latino: Cubans outnumber native Anglos and native blacks. The city is becoming more and more in the thrall of Latin America, the unique mixture of corruption and Catholicism, that bifurcated mentality from which fascism is the normal evolution of being: where a sedated picture of morality, family and country is painted to mask the reality of murder, corruption and criminality; and it has come to be accepted by the citizenry as a matter of course, if not sensible profit . . . for every miserable letter to the editor bemoaning the rampant violence and pervasiveness of the drug traffic, there are 20 others who could give a flying rat's ass one way or the other...those in real estate, auto sales, banking, boats, hotels, restaurants, golf courses and all the ancillary endeavors that hang from them, know that the bulk of their income depends on the multibillion-dollar flow of coke and marijuana money...it is country-simple and street-wise.

efore the Big Show in Miami, a few of the Tunas had been found guilty in that North Carolina Ossprey caper. While Platshorn escaped implication, Meinster got five years and a \$10,000 fine as did Chip Grant and Mark Phillips; but the screamer in that trial was the indictment of a North Carolina state's attorney and a federal agent. The state's attorney was "cleared" in a lie-detector test but nevertheless resigned his position seven months later. Nothing came of the case against the federal agent. George Purvis, Sr., in coming to the aid of his son, was accused of attempting to fix the proceedings through payoffs. The prosecution's star mouth was, naturally, Wade Bailey, just as Grant had suspected. For his testimony Bailey netted nearly \$100,000, including a \$43,000 advance by the Tunas, which the Customs officials allowed Bailey to retain. That is not to mention the 11,000 pounds off-loaded prior to interception by the Customs agents. Apparently that went on to be sold by Bailey and his associates.

Platshorn, Meinster and the rest of the Tunas were now up for grabs in Miami. Because of the dismal failure of Operation Banco after two years and \$1 million expenditure, plus the ever-increasing publicity on the cocaine wars in Dade County during which Cuban and Colombian factions filled the streets with flying lead and running blood, the DEA, FBI and Miami authorities were under extreme pressure to bring in resultsbig results. The floundering Tunas were the most obvious catch on the beach; with Platshorn's braggadocio and high-profile flash coupled with the recent bust in North Carolina and the tentative Tuna ties with the San Marino bust, the feds homed in on the struggling fish. Since no physical evidence was available, the feds methodically went about procuring, paying and pressuring potential informers.

To elevate the entire production above the prosaic dope bust, the government went for a prosecution under the Racketeering Influenced Corrupt Organizations (RICO) Act, an umbrella statute that was not only confounding to jurors but to defense attorneys, the prosecution and the judge himself. The RICO Act is so broad as to include the most tangential associations between persons allegedly engaged in a defined "racketeering influenced corrupt organization." Added to that were the charges of a "continuing criminal enterprise," which defines any dope deal by its very nature of multiparticipation and association. This statute demands maximum sentencing, no matter if it were murder or unloading several pounds of pot. The law makes no distinction. And obviously that is just what the government wanted perceived by the public and the court. The nature of the charges would define the Tunas as a serious threat to the public: They would be perceived as something in the nature of organized crime, the Mafia or some other highly structured criminal cabal preying viciously upon the innocent populace—when, in fact (and a fact known by the government agents and prosecution), the Tunas were engaged in nothing more than the importation of a substance 40 million freely choose to use. Not out of fear, addiction or coercion—but choice. But to make the case work, the feds *had* to resort to the most unsavory, venal tool of law enforcement: the paid informer; without him there would be no significant evidence.

Dennis Cogan is a Philadelphia lawyer and a distant acquaintance of Robby Meinster. Cogan defended Meinster all through the five-and-one-half-month trial and is presently working on Meinster's appeal. Cogan cannot speak of the Tuna trial withand it was such a joke".

But Cogan isn't laughing when he says this; he knows too well there is no laughter for Meinster or his wife and children.

If the realities of the Tuna were quite a bit diminished from the portrayal in the Miami press and in papers and magazines around the country, no one seemed to notice or care. The important thing, apparently, from the position of the court and prosecution and the media, was to get on with The Biggest Drug Ring Trial in U.S. History. Facts and realities be damned.

Daily the Miami Herald hammered and tonged on the front page: DRUG RING IS BUSTED, CALLED GIANT IN TRADE; BLACK TU-



The Platshorn home: early-morning terror.

out occasional eruptions of sincere passion and outrage. Somewhere in the course of the trial Cogan became emotionally linked with Robby's impending fate to a degree I have rarely encountered in an attorney. Cogan, to put it no other way, was outraged by incidents in the trial and the ball-breaking sentence that fell upon his client; his outrage was of one intimate and respectful of the law. And that can be one hell-driven outrage. It still is. Listen:

"From the last several transactions from 1977, from the time that North Carolina deal failed, they [the Black Tuna gang] were involved, according to the government, in five or six other attempts. They never succeeded after that. And the machinery they were using in those last attempts were old bubble-gum crates, where they got the worst pilots to fly the missions. They were buying or renting airplanes many of us could afford to buy. According to the government, they were resorting to second-rate machinery. No longer luxury boats, no longer Learjets. All they had were the benchmarks of a business that was dead. A business that has no resources. They didn't make money. They lost money."

Were they the monster drug ring the feds and the papers made them out to be?

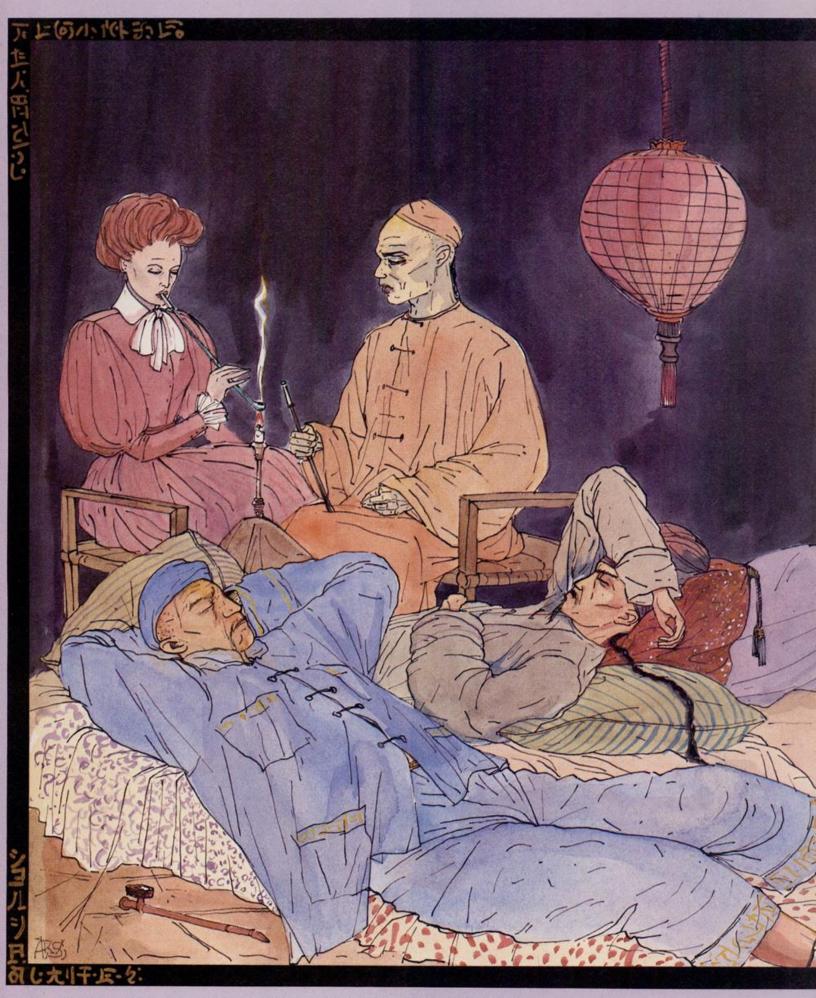
"The dealers in Miami tell their lawyers: 'Bullshit. These guys were never anything'. They had some good success for a while, but they were nothing. And they were laughed at by everyone because they didn't have enough muscle. They could do anything they wanted to because the big dealers didn't care. That's how people talked about them down there, especially the Cubans. The government and newspapers were talking about them being 'the biggest',

NA SUSPECTS ARRESTED IN NEW PLOT; TOUGH TALKING PHILLY RACKETEER TESTIFIES AT BLACK TUNA TRIAL; and on and on, following day after day, week after week, month after month. There is nowhere to be found in 81 different news stories during the Tuna trial a single questioning voice. It is as though the prosecution's case was accepted up front by the press as true, prima facie. One Miami journalist whose name appears on nearly every by-line of the Miami Herald's coverage of the trial, a fellow as well intentioned as the next ink-spattered geek, demurred when asked why his articles toed the line, as it were, all through the trial. The fellow didn't really want to talk about it. Shoved the thing off to another reporter no longer working for the paper.

It is important to understand the role the press played in the Tuna trial. More unwittingly greedy than cooperative, they convinced the public, the jurors, the judge himself, and some prosecutors and some defense attorneys, these Tunas were important; the trial was important; the results had to be important. They believed the Tunas really were capable of paramilitary actions, had great stashes of money, and all the other inflated babble the government provided.

However, the fact remains that Robert Meinster could not afford the \$5,000 necessary for an investigator to aid in his defense. Nor could the Tunas afford to up the ante on the payments made by the government to the informers utilized in the prosecution. If the Tunas had been the phenomenal heavyweights, as portrayed by the government, they could have easily taken out enough grease to assure their survival.

continued on page 78



Adolfo Sanchez

The American Opium Wars of the 1880's

by Dean Latimer and Jeff Goldberg

AT TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT THE CHINAMAN MAY BE seen in all his glory. In every little cooped-up, dingy cavern of a hut, faint with the odor of burning Josh-lights, and with nothing to see the gloom by save the sickly, guttering tallow candle, were two or three yellow, longtailed vagabonds, coiled up on a sort of short truckle-bed, smoking opium, motionless and with their lustreless eyes turned inward from excess of satisfaction-or rather the recent smoker looks thus, immediately after having passed the pipe to his neighbor-for opium-smoking is a comfortless operation, and requires constant attention. A lamp sits on the bed, the length of the long pipe-stem from the smoker's mouth; he puts a pellet of opium on the end of a wire, sets it on fire, and plasters it into the pipe much as a Christian would fill a hole with putty; then he applies the bowl to the lamp and proceeds to smoke —and the stewing and frying of the drug and the gurgling of the juices in the stem would well nigh turn the stomach of a statue. John likes it, though; it soothes him, he takes about two dozen whiffs, and then rolls over to dream. Heaven only knows what, for we could not imagine by looking at the soggy creature. Possibly in his visions he travels far away from the gross world and his regular washing, and feasts on succulent rats and bird's-nests in Paradise.

CHINATOWNS OF THE AMERICAN WEST WERE A TOUR-

ist attraction from the very beginning of the Gold Rush days. When Samuel Clemens penned the above for the Virginia City Territorial Enterprise in 1865, he was dutifully filing his set-piece description of opium smoking in the Oriental quarter, a requirement for every cub reporter on every territorial gazette.

Plain contempt, unmixed as yet with hate or fear, was the prevailing flavor of American racism directed against the Chinese throughout the Gold Rush epoch. It was the Chinese who dug the most difficult mines and moved the ore to the refineries, labor so cruelly backbreaking and lethally hazardous that no white man in his proper senses would consider it. The Celestials were imported specifically for the purpose, whole clans and townships of them, after the 1848 gold finds. Mostly they came from the eastern provinces of the empire, peasants and artisans from Hunan, Anhwei, Kiangsu and Shantung. They were leaving behind the endless series of calamities that tortured China through the last half of the century-the breakdown of imperial authority, incessant feudal warfare among petty regional despots and terrorist cults, the total collapse of the ancient irrigation systems and consequent famine, with pestilence thrown in. So they were ready for anything when they got here: Conditioned to feudal serfdom and the hermetic Confucian family-universe, they made for a splendidly tractable and efficient work force, and they kept rigorously to themselves. As long as the whites needed them to open the mines and get the ore rolling, the Chinese were merely a mildly repugnant necessity.

By the time Clemens filed his Chinatown set piece in 1865, things had already begun to change. All the really big gold mines had already been plumbed and put into production, so the Chinese were no longer welcome in them. Once the shafts were blasted into the vein, struts and beams safely installed, and narrow-gauge track lines laid in—once the really dangerous phase was complete, and the bodies of the coolie cave-in victims had been transplanted to the local Confucian cemetery—then the whites righteously took over the operation, usually with a vengeance. In the 1850s, white miners at the Maryville, California, goldfields passed a local ordinance banning Chinese from the county as soon as the shafts were laid; and in Coal Creek, Washington, they expeditiously burned their Chinatown to the ground as a signal that coolies no longer need apply.

Increasingly through the 1860s, then, the 50,000 Chinese on the Coast clustered in the boom towns like Virginia City and San Francisco. When they weren't being worked routinely to death, they had a brilliant facility for recreating eastern China's florid landscape and culture in the scrubbiest, least promising sections of the Pacific Coast. San Francisco's Chinatown was a glorious high medieval merchandise mart, its twisty cobbled avenues hung with crisply lettered ideograph billboards, swaying over bazaar stalls all atumble with Pekin ducks preserved in jelly, pickled eggs, dried and powdered ginseng roots, rhino-horn aphrodisiacs, lemons, pears, tangerines, and delicacies even less familiar to whites. Most households kept peculiarly plump, shorthaired dogs tethered in their gardens, maintained on an all-grain diet special for feast days. Lustrous balls of black and brown smoking opium were used as an exchange medium until, after being halved and quartered in successive negotiations, the final slices were smoked by the end consumers.

Somehow the coolies even managed to reduplicate the clothes and architecture of imperial China, passing about in scuttlesleeved embroidered gowns and glossy skullcaps among ornamented pagodas and temples. They acquired oxen and enormous swine, and landscaped the neighborhood with terrace gardens, even irrigation ditch-canals wide enough to accommodate rafts and pirogues. They celebrated God after traditionally gaudy Confucian and Buddhist fashions, in grand temples outfitted with gaudy graven images, with thunderous clashing music, fancy fireworks, and costumed dragon dances on feast days. Their environs were conspicuously clean, so proverbially clean that their laundries were patronized by the very same white people who, like Clemens, maintained and believed that the Chinaman lived in filthy squalor by natural inclination. Their Mandarin food was also signally nutritious and savory, compared to the greasy beef and white bread that comprised the Caucasian diet, and so their restaurants became famous along the coast.

The gap between what white people believed of the Chinese and what they saw with their eyes was so enormous that it can hardly be accounted for even by innate American racism. What they saw with their eyes was as alien to them as the dark side of the moon, an incomprehensibly authentic medieval Oriental landscape, dizzying with exotic odors and music, populated with queue-tailed Chinamen and tiny-footed Chinawomen uttering melodius Mandarin and flat quacky English with equal facility. Just visiting Chinatown was as unreal for whites as the most preposterous fantasy which the Chinaman could possibly entertain over his burbling yen-hok. Under these hallucinatory circumstances, it was entirely possible to believe the most outlandish anti-Sinese libels, even though they patently contradicted the most concrete evidence of one's senses. When it became convenient to believe ill of the Chinese, it was entirely possible to do so with minimal effort. These people did smoke opium, after allthe legendary dream drug-and that in itself made them a little

It was accepted without question in the 1860s, then, that the Chinaman had robbed the whites of rightful employment on the new transcontinental railroad system. In fact, one of every five Chinese on the Coast was involved in railway construction, spanning ravines with trestles, blowing tunnels through mountainsides, shoveling level grades out of vertical mesa slopes, and laying end-

less leagues of steel rail across the salt flats and prairies. It was the Chinese who were trapped in the high Sierra blizzards, decimated by the Indians, bitten and stung and eaten by the wildlife; Vanderbilt simply couldn't find white workers crazy enough to take the job, especially at coolie rates, and so it was the coolies who built the railroads. The whites, feeling vaguely robbed of an epoch of heroism and sacrifice equal to that of the great 1850s covered-wagon migrations, never entirely forgave the Chinese. They were accused of robbing jobs no one else would have taken while they were available, and revenge was duly forthcoming.

By the early 1870s San Francisco's Chinatown had become sufficiently prosperous and populous that the city council prudently began enacting special local ordinances for Orientals. Chinese workers were forbidden employment in public-funded work projects, and Chinese people were enjoined from buying real estate or securing business licenses. What's more, a "Cubic Air Ordinance" was enacted, allotting 500 cubic feet of air minimum for every factory worker and apartment tenant in the city; it was enforced only in Chinatown. The jails themselves were in violation of the law, stuffed with Chinese to bursting. In an exquisite refinement of cultural sadism, it was decreed by the health department that all jail prisoners wearing knotted pigtails must, for sanitary reasons, have said pigtails removed; a sacrilege comparable to shaving a Lubavitch rabbi.

So far this was only standard racism, nothing more pathological than racism in any other culture. After 1873, though, when the country plunged into a depression that would persist nearly twenty years, the Chinese came to represent something uniquely terrible in the American imagination.

It was utterly inexplicable, and entirely unexpected, that the economy would fall apart in 1873, of all years. The railroads and the telegraph had been laid out everywhere across the land and everyone had been promised a fat new future because of it; nowhere to go but up. Then in 1873 the bubble burst, the bottom dropped out, and nobody had work at all. New homes were abandoned in the midst of construction, families dissolved, the cities swelled with drifters and whores and orphans, bread lines formed, and food riots broke out. This was decidedly not what had been scheduled for the glorious '70s; the schedule had been sabotaged somehow, by someone, and the little man was hungry for an explanation and a scapegoat.

Samuel Gompers had both. President of the cigar maker's union in 1873, Gompers was brilliantly negotiating the coalition of transcontinental crafts unions that would, in the next decade, coalesce into the American Federation of Labor. A Jewish immigrant from England, Gompers was acutely aware that the Great Depression was the consequence of Victorian industrialists' lack of vision; unless the new technology of production was actively shared with the workers, organized by craft unions instead of serflike corporate labor squads, it would benefit no one at all. Gompers knew this, and knew it as a matter of organizing a national labor coalition with real political clout—and he also knew that if he said as much in public, he'd be jailed or shot as an "anarchist."

In a stroke of brilliance, then, Gompers conjured up the best of all possible scapegoats for America's misery—the Chinaman. It was a work of natural selection, since the big bosses were indeed using cheap coolie labor to thwart union organizers wherever coolie labor was available. Though there were still less than a thousand Chinese living outside of California in the United States, 75 of them were hired by a Massachusetts shoemaker especially to break a strike in 1870. In California the Chinese had for years enjoyed employment at the most routine, insipid, boring handicraft industries in the region. Now when times were tough enough that even the feistiest California romantics were ready to enlist coolie labor at coolie rates, these jobs were abruptly perceived as prestigious positions which had been weaseled away from the white man by the conniving Chinese.

Gompers's cigar workers pointed the way, being the first unionists to present their exclusion of Chinese from membership as a *moral* point. In 1874 Gompers sold the California factory owners

on the idea of packaging their stogies with proud printed labels declaring "White Labor," with a special certificate in each box reading:

Protect Home Industry. To All Whom It May Concern: This is to certify that the holder of this certificate has pledged himself to the Trades Union Mutual Alliance, neither to buy nor sell CHINESE MADE CIGARS, either wholesale or retail, and that he further pledges himself to assist the fostering of Home Industry by the patronage of PACIFIC COAST LABEL CIGARS.

This in fact was the *original* union label, the first of a lone and proud tradition. The anti-Chinese sentiments were union code, an implicit challenge to employers who might try to break up unions by any such underhanded ruses as hiring coolies.

No one whatsoever objected to this, especially not the Chinese. Throughout this period of mounting anti-Chinese sentiment, well into the 20th century, the Chinese bore up under it with magical stoicism. Their communities everywhere were rigorously nuclear, and as self-sufficient as possible. They had as little contact as they could with whites, by preference, and no aspirations at all within the white culture. Though unionists might squeeze them out of one deplorable category of industry, like cigar making, there was always some equally deplorable category available to them. They simply didn't care for the things of the white culture, and so the vicious racism of the whites could in no way demoralize them and lead them into self-destructive hatred. Except for very sporadic anti-Chinese pogroms, the white authorities pretty much left the Chinatowns to themselves, in fact. And so the Chinese made the finest scapegoats anyone could hope for.

By this time the West Coast Chinese population had doubled to around 100,000, obliging the authorities to enact a new raft of appropriate legislation. Mostly, these ordinances were enacted under "health code" stipulations, a Sacramento senate commission having officially decreed that the Chinese were physically noxious: "The whites cannot stand their dirt and the fumes of opium, and are compelled to leave their vicinity." The health laws succeeded well in keeping the coolies pent up in their Chinatowns (which is where they wanted to be anyway) and prevented them from taking over white people's enterprises (in which they had no interest at all), and legislators incessantly reminded voters of that every election year.

As early as 1874 San Francisco banned the passage of smoking opium into the city limits—not because of health concerns as such, but because it was believed that the drug stimulated the coolies into working harder than nonsmoking whites. As anti-Sino sentiment proved to be both politically expeditious and cathartic, opium evolved into the very totem of the American progressive movement: The legendary dream drug, opium, became for whites the agent which made the Chinese at once so contemptuously subhuman, yet so insidiously industrious, cunning and all-corruptive. Nothing ordinary could be invoked to account for such a paradox, nothing short of some magic drug! Opium was the Chinese drug, and it was religiously banned all over the West.

Again, the legislation was purely cosmetic, leading only to occasional police raids on Chinatown opium dens whenever the police budget appropriation was due. Mainly the Chinese were suffered to maintain their accustomed vice, as long as the appropriate authorities were appropriately pacified.

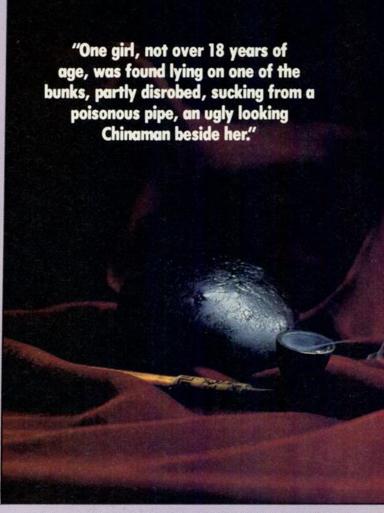
For all the political and legal fireworks, life in the large urban Chinatowns passed mainly undisturbed from day to day. Occasionally a pogrom was visited on far-flung, tiny, temporary Chinese work camps. At the nethermost pit of the depression of the 1880s, indignant whites raided the Chinese camps in Los Angeles, Eureka, Jacoma and Rock Springs, Wyoming, and scores were maimed and lynched. But in the established Chinatowns, with their solid, imposing Mandarin cultural trappings, the Chinese were simply not perceived as a threat.

In fact, they were bigger tourist attractions than ever, offering all the exotic glamour of Hong Kong and Shanghai, and were infinitely more accessible. All things Oriental were the perfect rage in this era, and the same cities which ostentatiously imposed repressive anti-Chinese laws also gloriously advertised their romantic Chinatowns to visitors in chamber-of-commerce brochures. The local press was equally schizophrenic. Cub reporters were still required to do periodic Chinatown sketches, deftly mingling the glamour of the Orient with the prevailing horror of Chinese and opium. When Sarah Bernhardt, with a covey of other Parisian divas, visited a San Francisco opium den in the 1880s, it was written up rather hauntingly in the *Examiner*:

... Suddenly they found themselves in a little ten by twelve apartment in which a dim candle burned. On the low banks around the room lay Chinamen, whose faces stood out in a cloud of smoke with ghastly pallor.

"C'est horrible!" gasped the ladies.

"C'est magnifique!" exclaimed Madame Sarah, pushing into the room with eager curiosity.



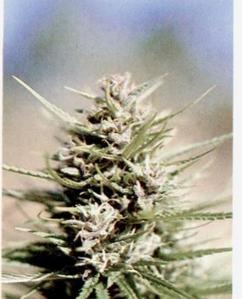
A victim lay in a stupor before her. He was evidently marked for an early death. The tight skin seemed green and mouldy. His fingers were mechanically preparing a ball of opium for his pipe. His muscles seemed to act without the control of nerves. It was a sort of living death.

"Il reve!" exclaimed Bernhardt, leaning over him and peering into his countenance, as if to read his dreams.

Then breaking away with a shudder she hurried to the door and out from the cloud of smoke and out to the cold air of the street.

It was obviously a dicey proposition, composing the proper sort of antidope propaganda for the William Randolph Hearst press. There was an irresistible demand by editors for peppy and original Chinatown pieces dwelling heavily on the menace of opium, but how could a reporter consistently fulfill it? If opium were some insidiously debilitating physical poison, conducing to the gradual consumption of flesh and an early demise, then who could get suitably alarmed over its use by the abominated Chinese? It continued on page 93





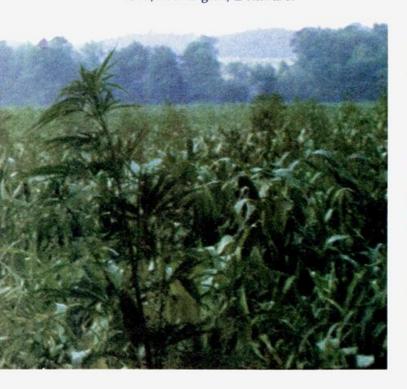
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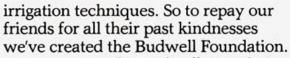
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I self-detox with opium: eat about half a chickpea early every night, then wait 'til just before retiring, when two shots of Dewar's will put me right to sleep (or into mild OD, if you want to get technical).

passes out of your body, while you're asleep, those tamped-down anxiety juices will hype right back up into overdrive, overcompensating for the drug suppression with a vengeance. So your hands shake, your stomach flipflops, and you are haunted all day with an impression of disembodied malaise and certainly impending calamity. If you're lucky, you'll also have a hangover headache, something on which to focus all that malaise and anxiety; but if your body happens to process alcohol as good as any natural-born juicehead's—like mine does—then all you'll get is the tremor and malaise, and nothing solidly painful to hook it on.

Ah, the cold light of day, on such a day, shines into you very cold indeed, no matter what the weather's actually like outside your personal skin. Do not fall into the ruse of thinking that this is very important, or the least bit *special*. It is merely your body readjusting to the foolish thing you did with yourself the night before. And *never* blame it on the alcohol. A hangover, just like junk withdrawals, is caused by the *absence* of the drug, not the drug itself.

And it'll go away all by itself, in the fullness of time. If you take a hit of lush for it in the middle of the afternoon (or worse yet, in the morning), that'll ease the worst of it. But then it'll last twice as long, see, unless you succumb to the urge (well-nigh unendurable, often as not) to just go get shitface drunk in broad daylight. That'll completely abolish the hangover, okay—but then your life goes down the tubes, and by and by you'll hardly be drinking at all anymore.

After the nice people at the hospital dry you out, you see, they will surely put you on either monoamine oxidase inhibitors or tricyclic antidepressants, and chuck you back out in the street. MAOs and trikes have radically changed Skid Row the last ten years, both for better and for worse. While on the prescribed dose of these goodies, an outpatient won't even notice they're there. But if he or she puts just a couple belts of Ripple or Night Train behind these drugs, it'll be damn near impossible even to wipe windshields on the streetcorner. A couple-six more belts, and lethal coma supervenes. And after a few successive episodes of coma, total morbidity and mortality supervenes. The turnover on Skid Row has been wonderfully brisk these last ten years, since MAOs and trikes came into the picture.

Me, I just like my little tube of amber lush too much for that. I can tell by my social behavior when it's getting ahead of me—which it does every quarter year or so, for no clear single reason—and then it's time to self-detox. I do it with opium, when it's around: eat about a half a chickpea early every night for a couple weeks, then wait 'til just before retiring, when two shots of Dewar's, neat and quick, will put me right to sleep (or into mild OD, if you want to get technical). The same thing can be done with Valium, but it's rather more dangerous, so we'll skip the stepdown recipe here. To parrot Ann Landers, it would be advisable for the layman at this point to consult a physician or counselor.

It takes maybe a week, tops, to get over the hump. You can tell when you're getting better. The sunshine will feel warm again, when it's warm, and persons of whichever sex you like to mess with will start talking to you civilly again.

The Perfect Dive

Conceive that you have just fallen under a couple-score thousand dollars from a coke deal or whatever. Real estate, of course, is always the neatest investment. And what's even *neater* is a chunk of real estate with a cash register on it, for the nifty laundering of any further funny money that may fall on your head: a tavern, nothing can beat it. Well, actually, parking lots and used cars are

probably saler, but taverns are lots more fun, if they're done right. But dealing lush is not the same thing at all as dealing dope. You have to pay off a much broader variety of authorities to stay open, for one thing, but they'll be much less paranoid and abrasive, and charge lots less noney per visit, than narcs.

As for the Mafia, do try to keep all that garbage to a minimum, even if you have to up their cut a little. A jukebox, a cigarette machine, and one Space Invaders unit is where to draw the line. If you let the Guineas have their way, they'll move in so much dinging, flashing, beeping, popping paraphernalia that the joint will look and sound like a penny arcade. Kids will come in, and the beverage-control people will give you no end of expensive hell. Even worse, you'll collect a clientele of compulsive gamblers, and they'll attract sharks, and the day will inevitably come when somebody gets shot in your place. This will be terrible for business, especially if it's you that gets shot.

As to staff—assuming you're running a het pickup spot—you can't lose if you put on a really good-looking het bartender in the early evening, and rotate him around 11 pm. with a really good-looking gay bartender. Assuming that both are perfectly reliable, professional people, with no woman hangups pro or con, this will attract women to the joint, in preference to all the other joints, where the male help are either overhorny, overage or just plain nasty to broads.

The straight bartender lures 'em in, see, but he *doesn't* come on to them, except for formal flirtation. Instead, he makes sure the customers come on to each other in a decent and civil fashion. Then late on, when couples are seriously staking each other out, he's deftly replaced by a man who still attracts the women, but does not challenge the men's moxie, while they're painfully working into their ultimate let's-go-get-laid rap.

In the matter of female staff, one experienced and accomplished headwaitress will be necessary to ride herd over however many aspiring actresses or coeds you take on to handle the tables. In the case of these latter, it helps to affably suggest—but never insist—that a moderately immodest display of cleavage will do wonders for their tip cups, and also incidentally for the till. The headwaitress, of course, should keep an eagle eye on both till and tip cups, to ensure that the little sweeties put the proper bills in the appropriate receptacles.

Once you've got it fairly together, then you should aggressively set out to systematically get the whole neighborhood hooked on your juice. I have seen this work magnificently: a modification of the "happy hour" routine. About twice a week, on no regular schedule, you toss a little event, which mainly involves dropping the price of mixed drinks by half, from 6 to 8 P.M. Relate each "event" to something special to your local clientele: a marriage between regulars, the 150th anniversary of the Town Hall's founding, a wake for some recently deceased and widely detested local employer: whatever, the more ridiculous the better. Just cut the hard-liquor prices by half (while keeping beer prices the same), and put up a neatly hand-lettered poster out front announcing your event. People will see it and come in, and have a subject already to prompt hey-hello conversation. In the two hours over which the booze is cheap, since it's hard liquor, most will get just sufficiently lit to want to have another couple, after the price goes back up. During this time, the boys and girls will be getting to know each other. After they go home, they'll want to come back next day and continue the conversation, even at full drink prices. And a lot of them will just keep coming back, for months and years on end, by George, just like junkies to the Man. \square

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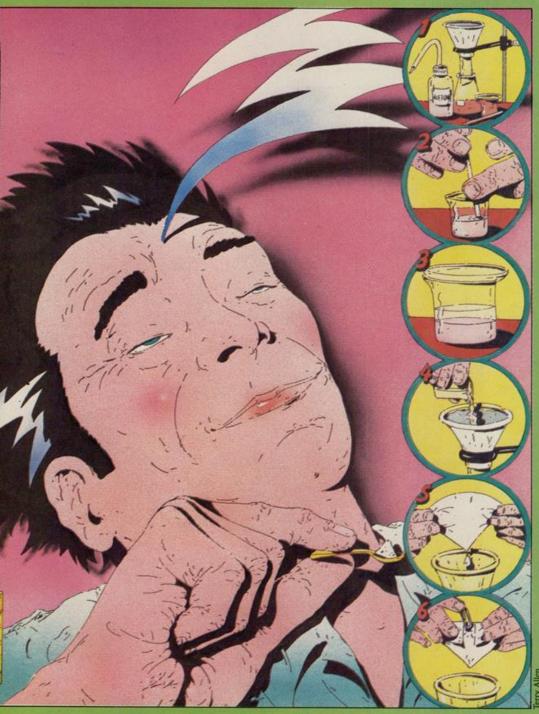
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It would greatly simplify matters if cocaine were sold with a list of its contents. Since this is not the case, intuitive judgments must be made as to the quality of the cocaine and the nature of the adulterants present. To be effective, consumer-oriented purification techniques must be general enough to apply under a wide range of circumstances. These procedures are not used to make cocaine but to remove adulterants and impurities from cocaine already made.

Since economics is always a prime factor in applying purification techniques, one point should be made clear. The cost of cocaine is dictated by the amount of it that is present in the original purchase (provided that none is lost in the purification process). If a gram costs \$100 and is only 50 percent cocaine, the actual cost of the cocaine is \$200 per gram. Consumers who use a purification method to remove adulterants frequently find the resulting purer cocaine too intense, and add an adulterant of their own choosing (much as someone would take hard liquor with soda or water) or simply use much less. The real difference between snorting one gram of 50 percent cocaine or one-half gram of pure cocaine lies in the other 50 percent, the contents of which can clog the nose, numb the brain, stiffen the muscles, or just do nothing.

THE ACETONE WASH

When cocaine burns the nose, the problem may be that it has not been washed properly at the end of the manfacturing process. Most of the illicit cocaine consumed in the

from Cocaine Handbook by David Lee

ACETONE WASH

COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

United States comes complete with excess hydrochloric acid and an overabundance of oily organic material like hygrine. This extra acid was added in order to speed up the crystallization process and force the oil out of an ether solution with the cocaine. The oil, which may make up as much as 50 percent of the hydrochloride weight, might otherwise remain in the ether. Once the crystallization is complete, the cocaine plus oils plus excess acid are collected by filtration. The ether will pass through the filter and the solids will remain. Much of the extra acid and some of the impurities could be removed at this point if fresh solvent was poured over the cocaine and allowed to pass through the filter; this is called a wash. Since most suppliers of illicit cocaine desire a maximum yield, the wash is often deleted. To further complicate matters, the filtered cocaine is rarely dried completely. This adds a small amount of weight in the form of solvent residue.

The dangers of snorting cocaine that contains even small amounts of hydrochloric acid and/or ether residue should be quite obvious. These chemicals will not only sting the nose on contact but may well cause deterioration of the nasal membrane. In addition, they are likely to cause headaches with repeated use. Hygrine acts as a local irritant on the nasal membranes. While this is partially due to the acid that it contains, hygrine is poorly absorbed in the nose and will remain long after the cocaine has dissolved. If the nose is not properly cleaned, membrane damage may be the result.

It is unnecessary for the consumer to subject himself to this kind of humiliation. The cure is as simple as the cause. All that is necessary to correct the problem is to complete those parts of the process that were omitted. Since the cocaine did not receive a finalwash, it is put back in solvent so that this simple procedure can be properly performed.

The most efficient way to wash cocaine (HCl) is by decantation. This technique is routinely used to separate a fine wine from any sediment that it may contain. In washing cocaine the solvent in which the cocaine was crystallized is poured off. This solution is called the mother liquor. After decanting the mother liquor, fresh solvent is added to the cocaine to remove more of the impurities and excess acid. The fresh solvent and cocaine are swirled together and allowed to stand until the cocaine has settled to the bottom. The solvent on top may then be decanted also. Each time this procedure is done, the cocaine is washed.

In the case of cocaine that has been crystallized but not washed, the mother liquor has already been removed. The wash pro-

cedure must begin by placing the cocaine in a beaker and covering it with fresh solvent. A small stirring rod is used to break up pieces so that the insoluble material (the cocaine) is of an even consistency. The entire contents of the beaker are swirled and covered with a watchglass. In a few minutes, the cocaine will settle to the bottom and the solvent with its soluble impurities will be on top. When all the solid particles have settled to the bottom, the solvent is decanted through a filter and collected in a separate container. Any cocaine that is accidentally poured off with the solvent will remain in the filter. The cocaine that remained in the beaker is covered with fresh solvent, swirled, and the entire contents poured into the filter. Once all the solvent has passed through the filter, a small portion of fresh solvent is poured over the cocaine and allowed to pass through the filter. Any soluble impurities that may have been trapped at the bottom of the filter cone will be the first to pass through the filter when this is done.

This type of filtration is called gravity filtration. It is based on the same principle used to filter coffee the "Melitta way." When a solid is separated from a liquid by gravity filtration, there will always be traces of solvent that remain in the solid. These are removed by evaporation. To facilitate this, the filter cone containing the solid material is pressed between the hands in a downward motion so that most of the remaining solvent will be forced out the bottom. The trace of solvent that remains is evaporated when the filter cone, complete with cocaine, is placed under a heat lamp to dry. The filter paper acts as a protective shell, preventing the cocaine from being exposed directly to the heat lamp.

The choice of solvent is a critical one and must satisfy certain criteria. Most important of these is that the solvent dissolve the impurities without dissolving the cocaine. Second, it must evaporate at a temperature lower than that which would melt the cocaine, and it should leave no residue once evaporated.

One solvent that meets all of these criteria is acetone. Contrary to cocaine mythology, acetone is an excellent solvent that leaves 0.001 percent residue after evaporation. Cocaine hydrochloride is almost totally insoluble in acetone, but hydrochloric acid will totally dissolve. Hygrine hydrochloride and other organic impurities are partially soluble in acetone. The base forms of most drugs used to adulterate cocaine are very soluble in acetone. Acetone is extremely flammable but will not form explosive peroxides as does anhydrous diethyl ether. It is the peroxides that can simply ex-

plode when dried and are probably the cause of frequently reported and rumored "underground" laboratory fires. Acetone is sold in several grades that vary in purity. It is important that the acetone be "chemically pure," that is, free from alcohol and water, both of which will dissolve cocaine.

Aside from purifying the cocaine, the acetone wash may significantly improve its aesthetics. It is often the impurities that obscure cocaine's crystallinity.

The acetone wash will seldom if ever lower the quality of cocaine. However, it does have negative aspects that should also be understood. First, there is bound to be a weight loss, usually 8 to 12 percent, very little of which will be cocaine. Second, cocaine that is washed in acetone cannot be consumed for at least 48 hours after it is dry. The aging process is critical to the taste and smell of the cocaine as well as to the health of the consumer. Aging is even more effective when the cocaine is screened to a fine powder, spread out on a nonporous surface, and dried under heat.

Since the quality of the washed cocaine is likely to be much better than its predecessor, it is much easier to consume larger amounts in a shorter period of time. The negative effects of dirty cocaine often act as a deterrent to its use; when the dirt is removed, so is the deterrent.

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Opposite page, insets:

- 1) The equipment used for the acetone wash includes: acetone in a plastic wash bottle; a 125-milliliter Erlenmeyer flask; a ribbed funnel with a medium-speed filter paper; a 20 ml beaker with a watchglass cover; a glass stirring rod. Heat the filter paper just before using it to remove moisture.
- 2) Add 10 ml of acetone to one gram of sample and stir for one to two minutes.
- Allow the crystals to settle to the bottom, leaving the acetone above clear. The watchglass prevents dirt from falling into the beaker. Decant the acetone off the crystals, pouring it into the filter.
- 4) Repeat steps 2 and 3 and pour the entire contents into the center of the filter. Rinse the beaker with acetone to remove the last traces of sample. After all the acetone has passed through, pour 10 ml of fresh acetone over the sample.
- When all the acetone has passed through, remove the filter cone from the funnel.
- 6) Fold the filter paper at the sides, as shown, and then down from the top. Squeeze out the last drop of acetone, and use a paper clip to secure the folded filter, with the sample inside.

MYSCROTUMFLEW TOURIST

A PERSONAL ODYSSEY

BY KINKY FRIEDMAN



It was not a pleasant sight for many audiences or fellow band members to see me wheeling my scrotum off the stage after the show into the waiting U-haul trailer.

orming a countrywestern band and
calling it the Texas
Jewboys was either a
very smart or a very
stupid thing to do. I
was a Peace Corps
volunteer in Borneo. I
was stranded in the
jungle for a year and a
half once and the idea
just crossed my desk.

I was living in a Kayan longhouse upriver from the town of Long Lama in Sarawak. The Kayans had been headhunters as recently as World War II and they still kept souvenir skulls in hanging baskets on the porch. The skulls in baskets were to the Kayans what green hanging plants are to many nonsmoking vegetarian roller skaters today.

Most Americans are too civilized to hang skulls from baskets, having been headhunters, of course, only as recently as Vietnam.

I remember we were returning from a fishing expedition one night, paddling upriver by torchlight. We were chewing betel nut and drinking tuak, a brutal, gnarly, viciously hallucinogenic wine carefully culled from the vineyards of Lord Jim.

The Kayans don't give a flying Canadian whether they catch any fish or not. They claim to be "visiting the fish." This quaint and primitively poetic little notion, unfortunately for them, does not culturally compute.

Yet I came to share their timeless, tribal outlook. I visited the fish. I watched the river flow. I got so high that I started to get lonely. It was a strange, gentle feeling, like warming your hands in a Neanderthal campfire. Not cosmic. Not mystical. But not the kind of thing you'd really want to share with the Charlie Daniels Band.

I never saw God in the jungles of Borneo, but it was during this time, on a dark, primeval night, that I did see a 900-foot Jack Ruby.

I still vividly remember what Jack said to me. He said, "Kinky, this is Jack. I, like yourself, am a bastard child of twin cultures. You know, I just never could forgive Dallas for...what they did to Kennedy. Didn't like what they did to the Redskins either... Kinkster, baby, it's up to you now, sweetheart..."

In the monsoon months ahead I became almost obsessed with Jack's messianic words. Again and again I saw him in my dreams, jumping out of the shadows. I felt his warm, comforting, sleazy presence rushing through my veins in the middle of the dank jungle night like the screaming of an endless subway circus train. I saw American dreams going up like little puffs of smoke from the infamous Texas Cookbook Suppository Build-



Kinkster's fellow Peace Corps volunteer Jones pets a porker prior to his wedding to a young Borneo girl.

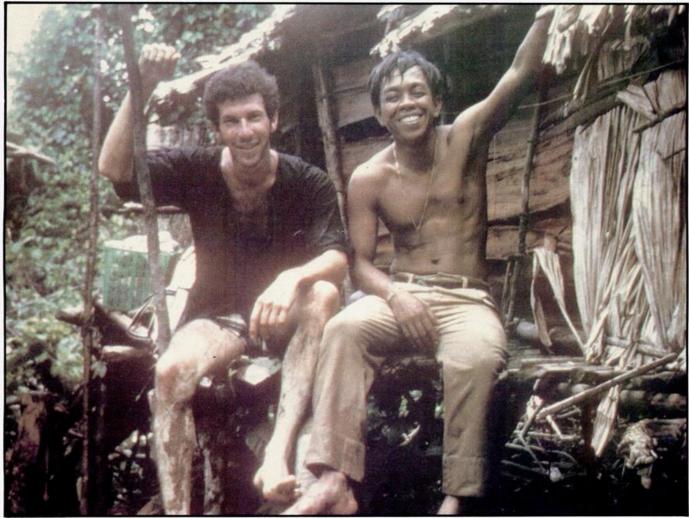
ing in Dallas. I was proud to share Jack Ruby's heritage. Proud to be a Texan like Jack. Proud to be a Jew like Jack. I felt almost elated that he had shot Lee Harvey Oswald. It seemed fitting and proper that one of my countrymen had taken the law into his own hands and actually assassinated the assassin. "Jesus," I remember thinking at the time, "Ol' Jack must have really had some pawnshop balls!"

Years later, of course, I was a little surprised and a bit disheartened when they finally exhumed Lee Harvey Oswald's grave and found Ernest Tubb.

Jack Ruby's spirit was already abroad in that land. I had determined to form a country-music band as soon as I returned to the States, and I had sworn to myself that it would be known as Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys. The torch had been passed.

A Peace Corps psychiatrist was flown in by helicopter to give me a checkup from the neck up. By this time I was pretty much cookin' on another planet. (The only other visitors I'd had in almost 24 months had been my parents, Dr. and Mrs. S. Thomas Friedman from Austin, Texas, who had taken a Borneo taxi, incredibly enough, all the way to the last outpost on the river. I was, naturally, thrilled to see them. I was also rather amazed to see that the driver of the taxi was Harry Chapin.)

The Peace Corps psychiatrist listened to a few of my songs and determined that I was definitely out where the buses don't run. Finally, much to my chagrin, the Peace Corps director ordered that I be returned immediately to my own culture. Little did he dream that what was the Peace Corps's loss was soon to become country music's loss. continued



Kinkster and his best friend in Borneo, Affendi bin Adis, killing time in the jungle town of Long Lama.

I left Borneo with nothing but my guitar and my wheelbarrow. I had run into a bit of elephantiasis in the jungle and I had to carry my scrotum in a wheelbarrow.

he very next day I was winging my way back to the States. The Peace Corps was gracious enough to buy me a first-class ticket. My scrotum flew tourist. I got to New York just as Robert Young

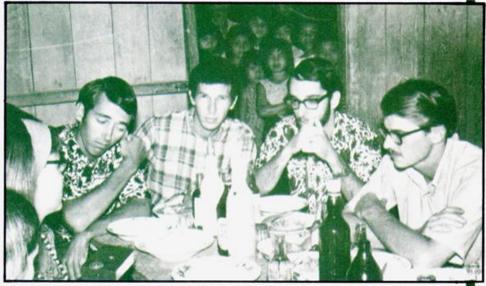
began filming the first of his Sanka coffee commercials for television. These, I felt, were a step down from "Father Knows Best" but certainly a step up from "Marcus

Welby, M.D." Robert Young was, fortunately, a rather distant friend of the family. I had always admired him, and now I thought I'd drop by the studios and have a few words with the wise old bird.

When Robert saw me he was shocked and disturbed at how pale and thin I was. I weighed about 29 pounds and was in a rather deep state of culture shock at the time. I told him I liked Borneo but that my Peace Corps director had recommended that I be returned to my own culture because I was getting very nervous in the service. Robert Young recommended that I and a rather irritable young Negro airline stewardess who was also on the set switch to Sanka brand.

Three weeks later, Robert said, "Well, Kinky, now how's our returned Peace Corps volunteer feeling?" By then, I weighed about 28 pounds and was in a severe case of culture shock.

"I'm feeling great, Robert," I said. "That goddamn Sanka brand really did the trick! In fact, I'm leaving for Texas today. You



The Kinkster and longtime friend Dylan Ferrero attend Jones's wedding celebration. Both are fairly bonked out on opium. Dylan was later to become the road manager of the Texas Jewboys.

might check on that stewardess, though, if you get a chance".

The young Negro stewardess was hanging from a shower rod right there in the studio. Robert Young walked right up to her and put his hand on her shoulder. As I walked out he smiled and I heard three short, rather hollow laughs: "Ha-ha-ha." "Maybe that's the way Robert Young always laughed," I remember thinking. But it gave me kind of a strange, gentle feeling. Kind of like warming my hands in a Neanderthal campfire.

I went back to the ranch in Kerrville, Texas, to round up the band and rehearse and hit the road to country music's hall of fame (or shame, depending on how you looked at it). The songs I had written while in Borneo, including "Ride 'Em Jewboy," "We Reserve the Right to Refuse Service to You" and "They Ain't Makin' Jews Like Jesus Anymore," had a little something to offend almost everyone. I knew if I could just reach one person out there that I'd be a success. But little did I dream that I would go on to become probably the best nationally known Jewish entertainer from Texas. That is, of course, unless you want to count Tom Landry.

In those early days I could sing, burp, tell jokes, smoke a cigar and play two instruments-the guitar and the Jewish cornet (sometimes referred to as the nose). But not unlike the great Hank Williams, I had serious problems with my personal life. It was not a pleasant sight for many audiences or fellow band members to see me wheeling my scrotum off the stage after the show into the waiting U-haul trailer. But the band played on.

We had rehearsed for six days back at the ranch, and on the seventh day we had a sound check. The band contained many former greats and many future greats and no bass players from Los Angeles.

When the Jewboys were hot they could really send your penis to Venus. But some people and some places were not quite ready for our music. So we barrel-assed across the country-a dusty station wagon pulling a U-haul trailer down those lost highways. From Kerrville to Nashville, from Austin to Boston, from Luckenbach to Los Angeles. Schizophrenic Sons of the Pioneers-providing bad taste in perfect harmony-setting out to prove that the world wasn't really square.

At first, we got run out of town so often that once we didn't get to go home, take a shower and get changed for three months. But that didn't bother us. Even our harshest critics had to admit: "Their music may occasionally suck bog water, but this band consistently smells bad." Actually, we kind of dug it. We figured we probably



The Kinkster with Peace Corps pharmacist Tim Leary and Borneo roommate John Morgan, president of the Borneo Young Republican Anthropology Club.

just smelled like real outlaws, like hardworking Negroes, like people smell who live in Europe.

robably the whole thing started with Bob Dylan back in Greenwich Village where he never bathed, shaved or brushed his teeth for years at a time. The only time he ever brushed his hair was before he went to bed. I once asked Bob why

he did it. He said, "You know, Kink, I gotta make a good impression on my pillow."

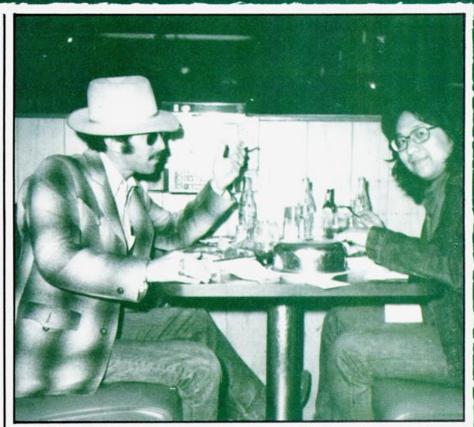
Pretty soon Bob had the whole country looking and smelling like Sirhan Sirhan. "Talent's one part inspiration and nine parts perspiration," Bob wrote in one of his songs. "Now, Annette Funicello, won't you lay across my big brass bed?"

One might say that Bob's total disregard for personal hygiene, either dental or mental, ended the golden age of blondhaired Aryan dominance and brought about a new kinky-headed, more funky, fairly tedious era. It marked the end for Tab Hunter, Sandra Dee and Fabian, but it would herald a new beginning for Isaac Hayes, Ira Hayes, Woody Hayes and Gabby Hayes. And purple haze, for that matter.

We played one of our very first gigs in Luckenbach, Texas—a small German ghost town where they still tied their shoes with little Nazis. This was before Willie or Waylon had ever heard of Luckenbach. It wasn't on the maps or the charts. The jukebox contained mostly old German drinking songs and warped Wagnerian polkas. The only two popular titles I recognized were "You Light Up My Wife" and the great all-time standard, "Send in the Kleins".

I was a bit nervous until I looked out over the krauts. They were big and friendly and goose-stepping in time to the music. Soon they stopped polishing their Lugers altogether, clicked their heels and broke into a moderately Teutonic variant of the bunny hop.

The days ahead were filled with excitement for me and the Texas Jewboys. We were attacked by wild Indians onstage in San Francisco for wearing those funny little dime-store Indian war bonnets and singing a funny little Indian song, "We Are the Red Men Tall and Quaint." We were attacked by dykes on bikes in Buffalo for singing "Get Your Biscuits in the Oven and Your Buns in the Bed." One called me a "male show business pig." We needed a police escort to get out of town. Negroes chased us in Denver. Rednecks ran us out of Nacogdoches, Texas, on two different occasions.



The Kinkster and legendary Texas Jewboy bass player Willie Fong Young take time out from a hectic tour for some spic food at Mi Tiena's restaurant, San Antonio, Texas.

Mild-mannered, pointy-headed, liberal Jews called us a *shanda* in New York and born-again nerds in the Richie Furay Band tried to shut us down in Atlanta when I sang "Men's Room, L.A", a religious ballad:

I saw a picture yesterday
In a men's room near L.A.
Lying on the floor beside the throne
Had I not recognized the cross
I might have failed to know the boss
I thought "Lord you look neglected and alone".

I picked it up with loving care
I wondered who had placed it there
Then I saw there was no paper on the roll
I said "Lord what would you do
If you were me and I were you
Take a chance, save your pants
or your soul?"

And a voice said "Kinky, this is Jesus I ain't square. I got these pictures everywhere From Florida on out to Frisco Bay So boy, if you're hung up on the pot Feel free to use my favorite shot."
I saw a picture yesterday
In a men's room near L.A.*

Finally, I had to send the Texas Jewboys off on sabbatical for a while. "When the time is right," I vowed to myself, "I'll bring them all back and give them each two or three hundred dollars." I hope someday

 Words and music by Buck Fowler. Kinky Music, Inc. BMI. still to make that dream a reality, though I'm not too sure about the two or three hundred dollars.

The point was people were beginning to hear my songs. The point was also, rather unfortunately, right on top of my head. People were beginning to accept me for what I was—a highly ambulatory, somewhat unpleasant American with a terminal case of Lone Star Beer and a tertiary case of syphilis that I had apparently run into somewhere in the jungles of Borneo. In his unbridled eagerness to give me and my scrotum the hook, the Peace Corps doctor had overlooked the latter.



eanwhile, I kept traveling the American countryside playing my songs, telling my jokes, and consciously infecting toilet seats practically everywhere I went. This in-

cluded (in what was to prove an unfortunate career move), Kenny Rogers's brand new 40-foot jade toilet seat.

I still vividly remember emerging from Rogers's extremely ornate dumper into his sequined living room. The Southern California sun was ricocheting ferocious-





ly from the chandelier to the swimming pool to the tennis courts and back again into my right iris.

"You ol' storyteller, you," I said humorously. "I can understand the chandelier, the swimming pool, the tennis courts... but Kenny," I asked, shaking my head incredulously, "why in the world would you need a forty-foot jade toilet seat?"

"Well, Kink, you know," he said rather wistfully, "we never had one when I was growin' up."

But "the times they were a'changin," as Willie Nelson sang in one of his songs. Negroes were coming out of woodpiles, Christians were coming out of their mobile homes, women were coming out of the kitchen, and homosexuals and Jews were coming out of the closet.

I was coming out of a men's room in Denver, Colorado. It was one of the last stops on Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue, and back then I was as happy as the shah of Iran. I had just taken a rather large and highly gratifying nixon...I had walked miles and miles of bathroom tiles ... I was thinking of many things. Weird phrases peppered my cerebellum. "Save Soviet Jews-Win Valuable Prizes". . "Here I sit/Straining my pooper/Tryin' to give birth/To a Texas state trooper." I flashed on other times, other dimes, other walls, other stalls, other balls, other halls, other words, other turds, other nerds...young couples shopping for flavored toilet soaps in Georgetown, D.C....myself teaching Frisbee to the natives of Borneo...some of the natives stealing the Frisbees...using them to make their lips big...setting back my Frisbee program. I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by Holiday Inn sanitary wrappers shimmering in the night...truckstops...rubber machines before the Trojan War...airports and runways and young couples buying ludicrous, Freudian-flavored thought associations.

When I came to, a steaming cup of Sanka brand coffee was on a tray at my side and Robert Young was smiling down at me. An orderly was wheeling a wheelbarrow with a white sheet over it out into the hallway. "What happened?" I asked. "Where am I?"

"Take it easy now, Kinkster," said Robert Young. "You've had a bad accident and you're in the Cedars of Tedium Hospital. Apparently you were run over by a bookmobile as you were coming out of a men's room in Denver, Colorado. To save your life we had to give you a transfusion using the blood of a person of the Negro persuasion."

"That's moderately unpleasant," I said.

"Well, there's a good side of things, too," said Robert Young. "Your welfare checks should start coming in a few weeks, and your penis just grew twelve inches. Ha-ha-ha."

INTERVIEW: THOMAS SZASZ

continued from page 38

But it's very hard to become a good pianist or a good boxer or a good writer.

HIGH TIMES: But you can improve with sympathetic help, can't you?

Szasz: But of course. I'm not against giving sympathetic help, but are they sympathetically helping or are they medicalizing sex? Those are quite different things.

HIGH TIMES: I think you have a good polemic against these people and what they're doing. But aren't you arguing from your own well-adjusted, intelligent, rich cultural and moral background, and in some way saying to people less fortunate than you: Tough shit. There are people who might need the help of teachers or other people and could perhaps lead more interesting and enjoyable lives. Tough shit. If they can't do it by themselves, tough shit.

SZASZ: I am glad you are for polarizing it that clearly. You show me where I say that —and let me say quite clearly that I don't say that. You have to be fair and responsible and define very clearly what this compassionate help consists of, because we are now back to the kind of a kneejerk—excuse me for putting it this way—kneejerk liberal thing: Let's be compassionate to these poor people. Which means that I have a seventy-five-thousand-dollar job in Washington, which consists of reading *Playboy*, but I take the taxpayers' money and give it to sex researchers and sex therapists. Now if that's compassion, that's very nice.

HIGH TIMES: Well, that wasn't the first thing that sprung to mind.

SZASZ: I am being ironic about it. But what is this compassionate sex help that you propose to give to people?

HIGH TIMES: That I propose? Well, let's see, I agree that there is a lot of bullshit in the rhetoric of the sexologists..

SZASZ: It's not a lot of bullshit; it's a hundred percent.

HIGH TIMES: Okay, the rhetoric is horrible.

Are their motives totally evil or—

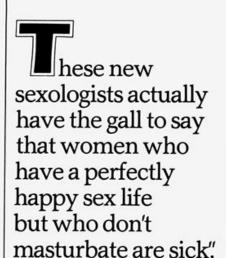
SZASZ: Their motives one can't judge except by behavior. I like Orwell's view on the relation between false rhetoric and totalitarianism. The language of the sexologists, to me, puts them fairly in the class of the totalitarians. They systematically pervert language, they systematically misuse it to elevate themselves and to make sexual patients out of everybody else.

HIGH TIMES: What did you think of Gay Talese's book about sex [Thy Neighbor's Wife]?

SZASZ: I thought it was voyeurism. Very pleasant book but completely worthless.

HIGH TIMES: But here's someone who has been struggling to break through the restraints of his background and—

SZASZ: Well, it's not my fault that Catholicism has been the kind of religion it has been for two thousand years. So people have been struggling to get out of Russia. Life, human



history, has been a series of jails erected for people by society, by their families. So they try to get out of these jails. So what else is new? Dostoevski talks better about it than Masters and Johnson. They are not trying to help to get out of jail; they are correcting behavior. They are giving you a bridge from one jail to another jail.

HIGH TIMES: I was interested that you did have some good things to say about *The Hite Report*, which I thought was kind of an interesting book.

SZASZ: Now, see, that's a liberating book. And Kinsey was to some extent liberating too. HIGH TIMES: Tell me how you think they were liberating.

SZASZ: Kinsey was, in effect, telling people, Look, this is the way sex really is. Period. This is the way people practice it. That was true anthropology: I went to this island, and here people have incest; and, you know, instead of not eating pork they don't eat fish, or this or that; or this is how they bury their dead. This is a variety of human experience and the more people know about how people live the more liberating it is. But these new sexologists actually have the gall to say that women who have a perfectly happy sex life but don't masturbate are sick.

HIGH TIMES: You don't take a position for or against masturbation, then.

SZASZ: It's the same as with heroin—or communism or table salt. I mean, it depends for what.

HIGH TIMES: Well, the first two aren't exactly neutral.

Szasz: Heroin. Right. Heroin's not neutral. It's an excellent drug. See, all of these drugs have very good uses. We have forgotten this because of the prohibition, because of the fear of contamination, because of the lies. Masturbation is very fine, in some ways, to relieve sexual tension for those people who don't have any hangups about it. It's not very fine if you want to do something else or if you are an orthodox religious person. Then it's not good. One can't take these things out of some kind of human context. And I don't particularly think it is an ideal way of learning how to have sex, which some claim.

HIGH TIMES: You opened your book by talking about sex as a "body-contact sport." Is that just a useful metaphor, or do you think that's in some way a truth about sex? SZASZ: It's both. In some ways it is literally a sport; it is also something highly complex and highly human, much more intimate and personal than playing tennis. At the same time it is in some ways a sport because it is something that you do with your body and it is something that you have to learn. It is also something that you have to practice. It takes time.

HIGH TIMES: Well, tell me how you think the social fabric affects sex. Is it the rules of the sport or does the social fabric distort and handicap people sexually?

SZASZ: The most basic institution of Western culture has been the family. All societies are based on the family, and the family is based on complicated regulations of sexual relations. In this sense we have all grown up and we all live in a world in which somehow the implicit idea has been that the enjoyment of sex is not what life is about. In fact, in Christianity especially, they say you should not enjoy it at all. Now we have to come to grips with that. We are very much at a crossroads.

HIGH TIMES: But what are the roads that we could take at this crossroads?

Szasz: Well, we are at the crossroads in many ways: in terms of what the family is about, and how children are going to be raised, and what should be the status of sex and of drugs, and of individual self-determination. As I see it, it's as though we are standing in the middle of a stream, where the surface water is moving extremely fast one way and five feet below the water is moving very fast in the opposite direction. Certain surface streams are moving very much in an individualistic, in an opening-up way. Certainly in what one can do sexually: homosexuality, women's liberation, pornography and the availability of birth control, abortion, all of these things. At the same time the deeper current going the other way is the medicalization of sex. The general mystification. The power of the state. Sex education in the schools. The drug laws. The general diminution of human freedom. The economic situation is moving in that direction. More



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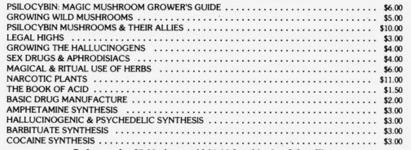
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and more people depend more and more on the state economically. And there is no greater loss of freedom, because if you depend economically on the state, you are finished. Doesn't matter what else is going on. If you can read Playboy, that doesn't help you. Huxley saw that in Brave New World. HIGH TIMES: And if you depend on the state economically-

Szasz: These people in effect are going to dose out a kind of pacifying sex. It's all in Brave New World.

HIGH TIMES: So you see a new kind of sexual tyranny.

Szasz: Pacification.

the tape recorder.

HIGH TIMES: Sexual pacification.

Szasz: Sexual Thorazine.

HIGH TIMES: Sexual Thorazine?

Szasz: Yes, a sexual Thorazine. Pacification through sex. It's a kind of boring sex.

HIGH TIMES: Well, what's exciting sex?

Szasz: What's exciting anything? What a person does, especially what a young person does, because he or she wants to do it. Especially when it's mysterious or difficult or forbidden. Mark Twain put his finger on it in the fence-painting episode in Tom Sawyer. There has to be a challenge, there has to be novelty.

HIGH TIMES: So how do you help people who come to you with sexual problems? Szasz: Oh, come on. Now we will shut off

HIGH TIMES: Well, I'll tell you why it's an interesting question. Because you are a practicing psychiatrist, you have a thoroughgoing critique of what's happening to the profession, and obviously your practice must reflect your critique in some way.

Szasz: All right, without making grandiose comparisons here, to me psychotherapy is primarily an art. It's a highly personal thing, a highly complex thing. It's like composing music or painting a picture. It's like saying to a painter, How do you paint? HIGH TIMES: I see.

Szasz: You can't describe it. My purpose is to help a person come out with a clearer picture of himself; to create a relationship in which the person increasingly examines his premises, his life, his experiences; and, presumably, if he wants to live in a more self-determining way, in a less constricted way sexually or maritally or whatever, he will somehow become more independent, more free. But, you see, this is what every-

HIGH TIMES: Well, they don't all say that it's an art. They lay down rules and say anyone who follows those rules can cure another

Szasz: There are rules and there are no rules. It is much more like teaching somebody how to ski well. You can tell them they have to put their weight on their skis and so on, like how to hold a tennis racket, but you sort of help them to practice life, a certain kind of lifestyle. I think that we are in some ways the products of our past and therefore we have to come to grips with our

GROW YOUR

FLASHES

continued from page 13

over. It becomes like an ideal version of yourself that's operating. There's not a lot of thought involved. You're ruling the roost, so you try to make it as palatable as possible for all the population. You want everybody to enjoy themselves. You don't want anybody to feel left out. You try to be a benevolent despot.

HIGH TIMES: Do you ever wish the Dolls were still together?

JOHANSEN: I loved the Dolls because that's how I busted into show business. But I don't have any regret about not being in the Dolls now. I do what I want to do. If I wanted to do something else, I would do it. I'm doing what I want to do.

HIGH TIMES: What are the things that inspire you and influence you musically?

JOHANSEN: I think about what I want to write about. I just come up with songs or somebody in my band comes up with songs that I like melodically. We go into a lot of music, and then different things stand out. The idea is to pursue. Once we're going to pursue those ideas-the best melodies and the best beats we've got-whatever we feel that's happening, then we pursue them. I try to remember what the things are I'm thinking about most. That's usually what I write about. So that changes all the time, depending on what I'm thinking about. And also, a lot of other lyrics and stuff get written in the studio, so it depends on what's happening when I'm in the studio, too. Sometimes I'll write a song completely before I'm going to record it-three months before I'm even going to make a record. There's all different ways to make a song.

HIGH TIMES: Does it matter to you where you live or where you are or can you be transient and be happy?

JOHANSEN: Obviously, I can. I live probably more than half my life on the road, so I'm pretty transient.

HIGH TIMES: But you always touch base back here in New York City.

JOHANSEN: Yes. Well, I grew up here. This is where my friends are, where my family is and everything.

HIGH TIMES: Do you dream of the time when the touring and everything will all end and you can lie back and relax and enjoy all the things you've done?

JOHANSEN: No, I enjoy working. I enjoy trying to figure out what I'm going to do next. I think I wouldn't mind getting to the time—not in such a near future—where I wasn't thinking about what I was going to do next. I mean, that's a big part of my get up and go, just the thinking about it. Sometimes you know what you're going to sing about, but you don't know what you're going to wear. Or sometimes there's all these different combinations of things you don't know about. The interesting thing to me about life—and I don't want to be so pompous as to say I'm an artist—is to want to continue to be creative.

HIGH TIMES: Do your friends mean a lot to

JOHANSEN: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think that's one of the most important things in life—having friends?

JOHANSEN: Yeah, next to food, it's probably the most important thing. Food and wine and friends—they're really important. But you know, if you've got good friends, then you don't really need such good food. But if you haven't got any friends, then good food is really important. So you've got to weigh them. If you have good food and good friends at the same time, that's the ultimate.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think the music

of the '80s is going to be like? **JOHANSEN:** Swinging.

HIGH TIMES: What kind?

JOHANSEN: Hell, I don't know. It's just going to have a lot of drums and be really loud and raucous and make it easy to move your feet. Dance music. Dancing to me is like new wave or something. It's abstract expression. It's whatever you perceive it to be.

HIGH TIMES: What situations make you uncomfortable?

JOHANSEN: I don't know. I don't even feel uncomfortable in church.

HIGH TIMES: What would you do more of if you had more time?

JOHANSEN: I don't know. I'm at the time of my life when I'm working, so I'm not thinking about what else I'd rather do.

HIGH TIMES: Do you like being a public person?

JOHANSEN: Sure. I think I'm a good public person. I don't embarrass my fans.

HIGH TIMES: Does it bother you that people like to know so much about you?

JOHANSEN: No. I think it's flattering that people want to know about me. It doesn't mean that I'm necessarily going to tell them, but it's flattering all the same.

HIGH TIMES: Is there anything you don't like being asked?

JOHANSEN: Well, there's a million things I don't like being asked.

HIGH TIMES: Like, "How's your sex life?"
JOHANSEN: That's a personal thing. Sex lives, especially among gregarious people, can be like difficult to explain. People may think that they're carnivores or heathens. Maybe in fact they are sensitive and warm people, but other people sometimes don't understand that.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, I guess that's a big part of life: drugs, sex and rock 'n' roll.

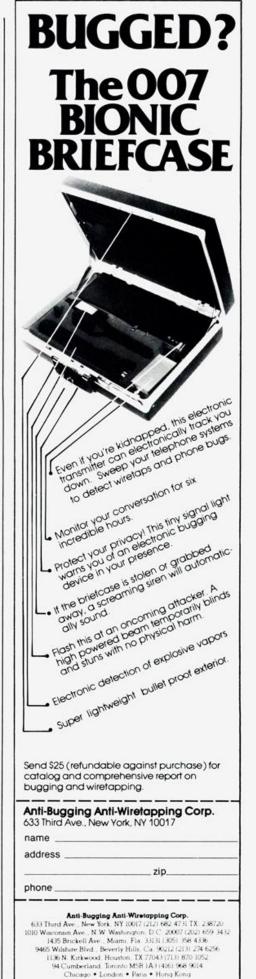
JOHANSEN: Your sexuality goes through changes constantly. It's got to do with the chemistry of your body and things like that. The weather. Sometimes you can be very conservative sexually, and sometimes you can be very outlandish sexually. So I don't think anybody has a credo on life.

HIGH TIMES: A credo?

JOHANSEN: Like you may read a Hollywood expose: "My Wife Is a Sex Fiend." You're probably only really a sex fiend maybe four or five months out of the year, depending on your locale.

—Liz Derringer

—





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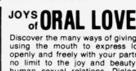
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Walking into any strange room presents a special set of dangers. Now you can protect yourself from wired informants and bugs planted in flowerpots. The Tape Recorder Detector flashes in silent alert if a recording device is activated within earshot. The Bug Alert is sensitive to transmitters. Each is the size of a cigarette case and is available from CCS Communication Control, Inc., 633 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017 Together they'll cost upwards of \$1000. The catalog alone from this high-tech firm costs \$25, and includes a special report on wiretapping.

Neither of these gadgets will do any good if Louie is planning to testify in court. Nor will they protect you against hard mikes—microphones connected to remote recording devices—which can be located only in a physical search of the premises. To combat hard mikes and electronic devices in your home or place of business, you can contract with the wizards of CCS—a company with ten years of experience on both sides of the industrial espionage game—for a thorough sweep.

The same company has added three new

products to its line of antiwiretap equipment. The Tap Alert will signal if a transmitter has been placed on your phone or anywhere on your phone line. The signal remains illuminated until the machine is reset. The Voiceless Telephone defeats both phone and room taps by allowing you to send written messages to a matching unit. The machine, which attaches to your phone, combines the typewriter unit used by the deaf with a built-in scrambler, allows you to change back and forth from voice to written communication during the same conversation, and can be used at a pay phone.

For the most clandestine communication, tell this Louie character to ask his briefcase to call your briefcase. Assuming, that is, that your briefcase is called the CC 900. The unit includes a room transmitter detector, a phone-tap defeat system that cuts off communication if a tap is detected, and a scrambler with 8 million codes. Also included is a voice mask, which changes your tone but not your voiceprint, and a recording device for your own use, in case you need to jog Louie's memory. A set of two units costs upwards of \$12,000.

To learn a little about how these gadgets work, read David A. Pollock's *Methods of Electronic Surveillance*. A classic in its genre, the book was only recently reprinted. It's available, \$18 ppd., from Charles C. Thomas, Publisher, 301-327 E. Lawrence Ave., Springfield, IL 62717.



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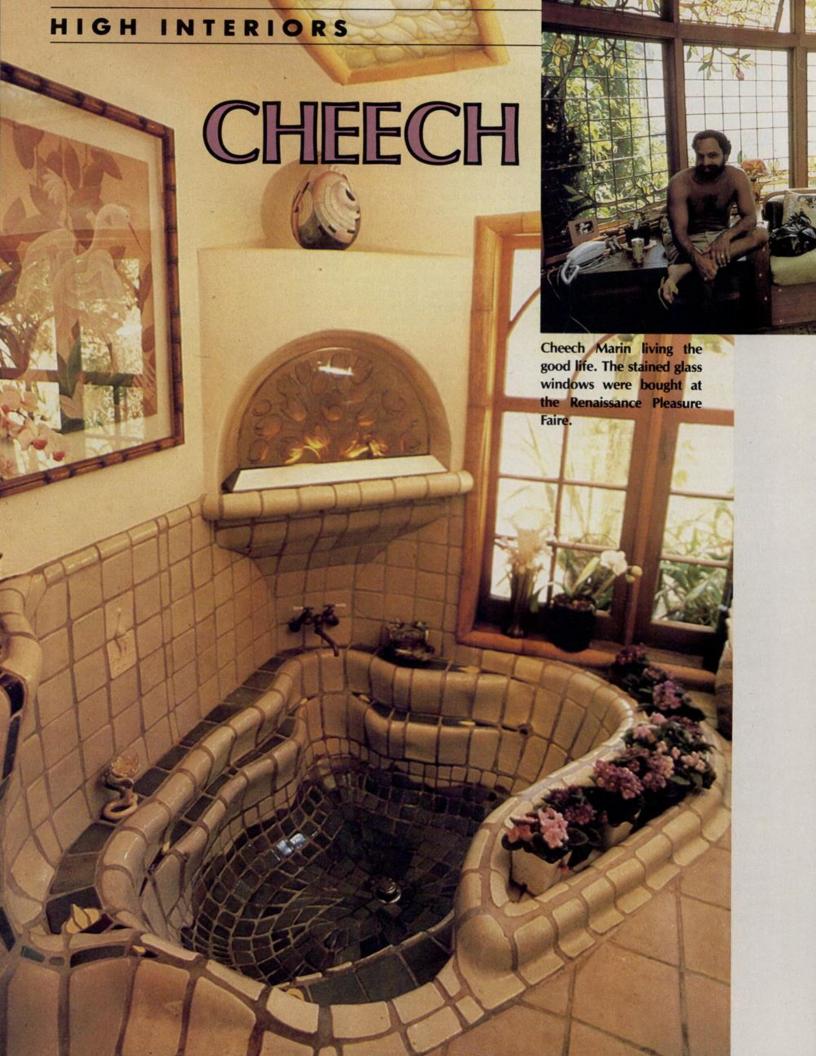
off a beeper carried by the driver. The alert will page you to a range of two to five miles. The same beeper can also be used for one-way communication to your partner's receiver. The system lists for \$214.95. For a list of retail outlets carrying it, write: Page Alert Sys-

tems, Inc., 23842 Hawthorne Blvd., Suite 101, Torrance, CA 90505.



FIELD REPORT

If you're tired of sleeping in your patch to protect it from ripoffs, you may be ready to turn the surveillance job over to an electronic caretaker. Now there are two alert systems available for agricultural use. One operates on principles of seismic detection, and can be triggered by monofilament trip wires. The other is an infrared device that signals when a beam of light is broken. Both are powered by batteries and set off silent alarms to a base-station receiver, so you'll know your patch has been discovered before the thief is warned. The systems start at about \$130 for the infrared device and \$150 for the seismographic unit, and run as high as \$400 to \$1,000. The chief factor determining price is the range of the transmitting unit. Write for catalog, \$1. Domestic Growers Supply, Box 809C, Cave Junction, OR 97523.





PLEASURES

The seaside home of Cheech Marin, located on Cheech's beach. The stonework was done by Cheech along with Gilbert and Chang.



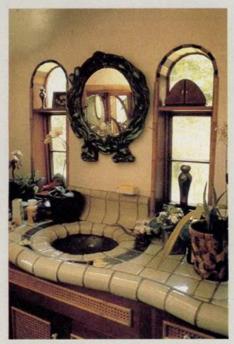
by Eleanore Kennedy

Photography by Tim Street-Porter

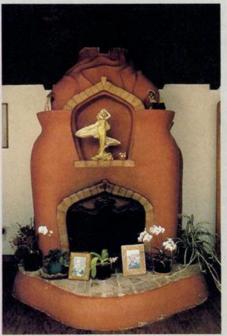
Richard (Cheech) Marin fancies art nouveau mostly because the movement is eclectic. So is he—comedian, actor, guitarist, potter and comber of Cheech's beach.

The Marins' seaside home in Southern California is a dramatic example of Art Nouveau. Hundreds of artists, tradeworkers and craftspeople assembled, under the direction of Robert Gilbert, to create a single complex artwork.

Gilbert and his partner, David Chang, worked closely with Marin, and the result is a high expression of Cheech and his love of the eclectic.



Cheech designed the master bathroom with Gilbert and Chang. The beautiful tile work by Annie Marin.



The terra cotta fireplace was designed by David Sawyer.



A detail of the extraordinary Art Nouveau-style balustrade worked by Steve Hart, who was also responsible for the psychedelic metal weather vane.

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JVC has just struck the final blow for box culture. The new PVC-5 is the Sherman tank of portable sound. It's actually a five-piece minicomponent system: a sensitive tuner that features AM, FM and two short-wave bands, a metal compatible tape deck, a separate amplifier that can goose the sound, and two full-range bass reflex speakers. The five separate components clip together to form the ultimate box, 28.5 pounds of portable power. Even the diminutive rock star Rick Derringer can lug it around. Take it to the beach, to the supermarket, hang around outside Moral Majority meetings. Turn it up, and watch the Walkmen run. Suggested retail price is \$649.95, but we've found it available at discount outlets for as little as \$400.



MOOD INDIGO

The head culture's answer to Mr. Whipple is Channel 1, a gizmo that turns the usually banal emissions from your color TV into what is variously described as a video kaleidoscope, mood music for the eyes and a mood synthesizer. It also has the dubious distinction of being the first TV item anyone's ever tried to ban. Seems that in Nebraska some eager politicos are trying to force its removal from certain stores on the grounds that it is "paraphernalia," a "common dope smoker's item." Depends on how you look at it. Claims Charles Wehrenberg, one of Channel 1's inventors, "It's a video Rorschach test."



Channel 1 is the brainchild of George Low, a 38-year-old computer expert for Chevron who once commented of his work on video terminals, "After 10,000 hours, everything looks like Channel 1." Lowe took his balsa-wood prototype to sculptor Peter Gutkin and interior decorator Vicky Doubleday. Together with Wehrenberg, a former NASA scientist, and Sally Larsen, a flower child manqué, the project was put together.

Just what is Channel 1? It's a plastic frame —"virgin plastic," the brochures reassure—that attaches to your TV with a velcro stick-on dot. The center of the frame is filled with a paper grid that refracts the light emitted from the set, creating continuously changing graphic effects. For best results, turn off the sound of the major movie presentation of the week, turn on the stereo and watch the colors.

Paraphernalia or not, you can order Channel 1 by calling (800) 358-9999 or inside California call (800) 962-4999, or by mail from PO. Box 40369, San Francisco, CA 94140. It costs \$19.95, virgin plastic and all. Visa and MasterCard accepted, of course.

—Richard P. Greenfield

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BLACK TUNA

continued from page 47

...Jerking in and out of sleep, alcohol-numbed fingers clutching a six-inch hunting knife under the sheets, dreaming of meningitis in a hotel room in Miami. Talking Heads on the tape machine, "Remain in Light" in the dark 3 A.M. sensory-deprivation chamber...jungle jism rotting somewhere near Monroe Station, out in the middle of the Everglades with dead Colombians and Rastas...egrets shining in the swamp-vaporous night, alligators and condoms filled with fascinating flakes shining even brighter than the egrets' feathers...

to agree to a mistrial and once the trial in Miami came to a mistrial, Cohn would be in a more favorable position to work out a deal with a different judge, prosecutors and venue. Lynne apparently did not know of the overtures being made by the prosecution to the defense at this point in the trial.

Dennis Cogan: "Instead of it being a simple, proper approach, it was shrouded in all kinds of mystique. First, Platshorn's lawyer, Arnold Stream, did not know Lynne was going through to New York and Roy Cohn. This idea of Lynne's friend going to see these other people in New York? They took it upon themselves to do more than just get



Bobby and Lynne Platshorn: Canned Tunas.

he severity of the sentencing of those major figures in the Tuna trial came not from the harsh evidence as provided by the informers in the trial, but rather from the bizarre foolishness unleashed by Lynne Platshorn, right in the middle of the proceedings. At this stage, defense lawyers were being sounded by the prosecution for plea bargaining. It had become apparent to both sides that the government's case was weaker than depicted at the outset of the trial. The prosecution was making tangible offers to the defense as the trial dragged on into December. Sometime during this period, Lynne Platshorn, through her family, began making queries to a couple of New Jersey O.C. fellows as to how the case could be induced to a mistrial. She was told that Roy Cohn, the New York lawyer who had defended Steve Rubell and the Studio 54 associates when their federal bust came down, and more notoriously had worked at the right hand of Sen. Joe McCarthy during his heyday, might be available to work some sleight-ofhand on behalf of her husband.

But to make this hellish can of worms more clear, it went like this: In November 1979, Randall Fisher, one of the Tuna defendants, took it upon himself to work the jury his way. Fisher had a friend who knew someone on the jury. This friend told Fisher and said this juror could be bought. Five thousand dollars changed hands. The friend, the juror and Fisher were indicted for jury tampering. All this was unknown to Platshorn, Meinster, Myers, Grant and the rest of the defendants. Nonetheless, they were indicted as well. Meanwhile, Lynne Platshorn, obviously under severe strain, made contact through her family's friends in New Jersey with certain people in New York. She was told Cohn could cause the government

a lawyer like Cohn. They're going to get a friend of theirs who gets people out of jams, a fellow named Charles Coveney who was supposedly very effective at things like making deals with the government-one of these double-agent characters who does work for the DEA, the Justice Department.

'Coveney reports these overtures-whatever they were-by these people in New York attempting to force a mistrial. He reports it to the FBI. Meanwhile, the people in New York believe all the publicity about the amounts of money these guys have down in Florida. According to the government, Platshorn and Meinster are sitting in jail with hundreds of millions of dollars stashed away. If they had read the PR more closely, they would have realized these guys had nothing. So they got sucked in through Coveney, who says he has to go down and make the right contacts with Platshorn and Meinster. Coveney, through Lynne, gets put in touch with Platshorn's lawyer.

"Meanwhile, Coveney's FBI contacts are getting in touch with our judge. They tell Judge King they have this information that our guys are trying to fix the case, they're going to disrupt the proceedings. So the judge wants to know if they're going to make a diversionary tactic or run out or shanghai the judge's caravan or what. He agrees to go along with the FBI and get this Coveney into the prison.

'So, lo and behold, Lynne Platshorn says there is this relative of Platshorn's down from New York and could he get into the prison to see Bobby? The judge readily agrees, knowing the guy isn't a relative but an FBI operative going into the prison in the middle of the trial, at a time when these guys are represented by counsel. He is there to find out what Platshorn and Meinster know about the New York plans and

what they are willing to do to get a mistrial. And the prison authorities know this and allow Coveney to go through the metal detectors wearing wires.

"Coveney goes in to see Platshorn. Meinster's not there; he's in his cell. Platshorn doesn't seem to know what's going on. He's sitting there talking to this guy and wants to know who he is. Is he really from Roy Cohn? And Coveney is speaking in dependent clauses instead of sentences. You can hear on the tape the conversation is disjointed. It could be interpreted a number of different ways. Obviously, there is no meeting of minds.

'So then Coveney wants to know where Meinster is: 'Where's your partner? I'd like to meet him! Meinster doesn't want to come out and see anyone, but he's expecting his parents to be visiting. So when they call his name, he comes to the visiting station. Now he's not involved in any of this, poor blockhead, so he walks in and there's this Coveney."

Another botched Tuna caper? Not according to the front page of the Herald: FBI: \$1 MILLION OFFERED TO BLOCK TUNA TRIAL. "Leaders of the Black Tuna drug gang have tried to disrupt the trial of gang members by promising to pay off one juror, attempting to murder a key prosecution witness and offering organized crime figures \$1 million to disrupt the trial, the FBI said Thursday."

The story goes on to repeat the Lynne Platshorn-New York connection, but it also brings out the kicker that one Karen Ann Youvas was offered money in return for her vote for acquittal. When Judge King first heard tapes concerning the payoff of Karen Youvas, he immediately removed her from the jury and sequestered the remaining jurors and alternates at the same time. It was once again the ubiquitous wired "informant" that provided the information. It must be remembered that it was during this period the prosecution was making serious overtures to the defense for reduced charges. But, fortuitously perhaps, the government suddenly had another vile charge to hurl at the Tunas and further support the contention that they were a well-connected, wellgreased, highly dangerous outfit capable of almost anything. And the Miami Herald, dutifully, unquestioningly and prejudicially, reported whatever wild allegation the government cared to spew.

The Friday following Youvas's removal by King the Herald hit the streets with this front-page headline: FBI: GANG PLANNED TO MURDER JUDGE.

Now how did that headline come about? Well, a defense attorney made the unfortunate mistake of calling FBI agent Ronald E. Reese to the stand. Asked what was to be done to disrupt the trial, Reese replied: "Many methods were explored: tampering with witnesses, paying jurors and involuntarily removing the judge." And here the defense attorney stepped off the shoal and sank abysmally to his death by asking what involuntary removal of the judge meant.

continued on page 96



FIEND MASSACRES 9.3 MILLION BABIES

"It was just a matter of time before we tracked him down and clapped the cuffs on him," grimly smiles Moral Vigilante squad captain Myra Michaels. "With his wrists clapped behind him, Dexter Bailey won't be genociding any more millions of our helpless children yet unborn."

Leonard Dexter "Southpaw" Bailey is charged with the willful murder of at least 9.3 million children. Extra guards have been mounted at the correctional facility where Bailey is being held—the Public Safety Center on Euclid Street in Balloques, Michigan—to protect him from the mobs that gather there nightly, sometimes by the dozens, to chant emotionally for his summary execution.

The arrest of the notorious Bailey was the result of several months' close investigation and videotape surveillance by the Balloques chapter of Moral Vigilante, a new national coalition of private citizens dedicated to the "independent enforcement of morality laws." The prosecution of "Southpaw" was launched under a little-known 1903 Michigan sodomy statute that classifies "onanism"—masturbation—a misdemeanor offense.

Suspicion began to devolve on Bailey, says Myra Michaels, after the Moral Vigilantes did a "spot check" of the Chinese hand laundry used by the 33-year-old bachelor. "We found spots, all right. Plenty of them," Michaels reports triumphantly, "all over his sheets, even pillowcases." When one spotted sheet was presented as evidence to the town prosecutor, though, he refused to take action: "He said we needed a warrant to seize somebody's laundry," snorts Michaels. "And anyway, even if they were come stains, how could he prove they were Dexter Bailey's and not somebody else's?"

So the Moral Vigilantes spent \$23,789 on special infrared night-vision videotape spy cameras. "We watched the post office, and on the day Bailey got his new *Penthouse*, we trained those cameras to shoot through the slits of the venetian blinds on his bedroom window. It was horrible to have to watch it, but we got the whole sweaty, grimy, grunty episode on tape." After showing the tape to a Balloques justice of

the peace, the Vigilantes got a search warrant to invade Bailey's home at the same time the following night, right at the conclusion of another "episode."

"The specimen on the sheet was grade-A fresh," boasts Michaels. "The coroner estimated he identified over 9.3 million infant sperm cells—some of them still feebly, pathetically wriggling their tails in their final death throes." Bailey was immediately confined. He faces a possible six-month sentence and \$600 fine under the 1903 sodomy statute, though the Balloques Moral Vigilantes are pushing heavily for the death penalty.

"Cold-blooded, aggravated masturbation is plain homicide," insist the Moral Vigilantes. "Sure, some so-called Right-to-Life liberals hold that human life only begins after the sperm and egg cells mix their chromosomes, but that's just bleeding-heart pseudoscientific blather. Sperm cells are just as alive and human as any fertilized ovum, and dead sperm on a sheet are just as dead as any fetus flushed down a drain. We want this 1903 sodomy law transferred to the capital-punishment penalty category, and we want to see Dexter Bailey fry. And that's just the first of a long list of suspected onanists we're investigating right now."

The Balloques Vigilantes denied rumors that the group is also planning to move against women who menstruate. "Menstruation is *prima facie* evidence of a dead egg cell, sure," allows Michaels, "but legally this is a very cloudy issue. Unlike onanism, there are no existing state or local laws against menstruation. Possibly we'd have to start a whole new grass-roots letter-writing campaign to mount legislation against menstruation. But that'd cost money, and we spent our whole appropriation from the national Moral Vigilante office on all this videotape stuff. So we'll probably concentrate on male baby killers for the time being."



Mass murderer Dexter Bailey with the murder weapon.

GOVERNMENT DECLARES WAR ON AFFLUENCE

DAVID'S ADVICE TO THE SHOPWORN

Dear David.

We are after closing down papa's bodega very broke now you know? It is the problem that the white people who had loaned papa the money for opening our bodega ten years ago took and called in all the money still owing them on the paper papa signed then. Papa asks why. "Ask David Shockman," tells the white man to papa. -Panfilo de Navarez, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Panfilo.

To understand this, you have to take a historical overview. All the problems that afflict America today date back to the last prosperity era, roughly from 1946 to 1973, give or take a couple-few recessions. That's when we developed all the malaise, racial disorders, cults, drug abuse, sex-role inversions, divorce rate, and general erosion of parent-style authority we have today.

The fact is, Americans have tried affluence, and flunked out. Americans simply can't handle material comfort and leisure time, 99 percent of them. It's understandable. This nation was built by log-cabin pioneers, layers of railroad

track, sweatshop factory workers and placer miners. All of em worked their butts off, all their lives, for a very few extremely rich families, like the Rockefellers and Kennedys, who could take in all that capital these Americans generated, and handle it without turning into a bunch of sex perverts, dope addicts, Jim Jones cultists and so on.

Then after the war, the technology got a little ahead of the rich people, so for a while there was money all over the place, speaking relatively. Your family, if it got here around ten years ago, must've seen the worst of it: miniskirts, gay lib, antiwar riots, cheap speed, the works. A real shithole, the whole country. Even Nixon couldn't clean it up.

But we can. It's just a matter of encouraging the rich folks to call in their debt notes. Eventually it gets all the way down the pipe, even to the crooks who've been cashing your papa's mortgage payments the last ten years. Now you and your papa won't have anything more complicated to worry about, the rest of your lives, than finagling a meal every day or two, and finding a warm place to sleep. And every penny you ever make will be owed to somebody richer, who in turn will owe it to someone richer yet, and so on. That's what we mean by "putting the country to work". That's the only way this country does work. Otherwise it just gets disgusting, an international disgrace.

SENATOR DECLARES WAR ON EVIL

by Charles Winston-Levy, "Seeds 'n' Stems" Washington correspondent

Sen. Jesse Hell of North Carolina, leader of the Conservative Political Axis on Capitol Hill, recently presented to Congress a bill designed, he says, "to root out and extirpate evil in all its forms from the bosom of the

The law will create two new categories of criminal offenses in law: "incubusage" and "succubusage", which the senator characterized in the American heartland." Congressional Record as "intercourse with demons, either physically,

Incubuses, explains Senator Hell, are female demons that approach men-"in their sleep, usually, at first"-and silently plant evil thoughts in mentally or spiritually." their minds. Succubuses are male demons that do the same with women. Usually the evil thoughts are of a lewd, lascivious and obscene

nature," Hell said. "It starts out at night with dreams—beastly cheating, spending sex dreams which vaguely haunt and tempt the victim spending sex dreams which vaguery hauft and tempt the vector throughout the daylight hours. But gradually many people come to like these dreams, even look forward to them. Then, usually, the demon appears in the dreams as a beautiful, half-clad woman, or as a man of African hue and dimensions. The demon makes friends with the human in the dreams, and then he or she finally appears physically, in real space and time. By then, the human is wholly given over to the demon, ready to conspire with it in any number and variety of evil plots which Satan, King of the demons, is always hatching against America.

Mental and spiritual succubusage or incubusage would be a misdemeanor, with a \$20 fine for the first offense, and jail for subsequent offenses. Physical contact with demons would be a felony pulling a onenses. Friysical contact with definions would be a felony, putting a mandatory sentence of ten years to life. Senator Hell proposes the creation of a special Bureau of Infernal Investigations to enforce the bill. BII agents would have special "supernatural and superconstitutional powers" to investigate, apprehend, and incarcerate without trial suspected

incubusage and succubusage violators.



MORAL MAJORITY DECLARES WAR ON REALITY

The Rev. Dr. Jerry Fallout, religious-affairs adviser to "Seeds 'n' Stems," proudly announces a new mass letterwriting campaign "to put the fear of God into those kikes who run so-called public television.

The idea is to bombard PBS, and all its affiliates, with demands for certain specific alterations in the format and content of the popular children's programs

"Sesame Street" and "Electric Company," "They're supposed to be teaching stuff to kids, right?" explains Reverend Fallout. "Okay then we demand they teach creative evolution, which goes like this. You got your pen out? Okay God created the world in seven days in 4397 BC, starting at 5:15 A.M. CST on Monday, September 27 that year. Got that? All those fossils and bones and trash that make it look like things are a lot older, and people evolved up out of snail shit or something, that's a joke. God put it all there on purpose, to make fools out of all those hairyshanked paleo-archaeologists who go rooting around dung-heaps in East Africa. He did it for kicks!

"And once you got 'em good and scared with creative evolution, you hit 'em with geocentric astronomy.

That's G-E-O-C-E-NTR-I-C, make sure you get all the es in there properly. Now how this works is, the earth is at the center of the universe. Hell, you can see that with your own two eyes. The sun comes up in the east and goes down in the west; a big fiery ball a few hundred miles up there that revolves around the earth like the edge of an LP album revolves around the stereo spindle. And they can't teach that there are these other big round planets out there like the earth. People who look through telescopes and see big round planets up there also tend to see flying saucers and crap. Make sure to put that line in, but leave out the word crap. Finally you give 'em something negotiable. You tell

those PBS people that it's okay to present both sides of the question whether the world is really flat or round. Tell 'em we know ourselves whether it's flat or round got the word straight from God-but in the interests of the First Amendment, we'll let 'em present both sides of this very controversial issue. And we'll watch real close, to see exactly who takes which side, flat or round. Give the bad guys just enough rope to hang

themselves, see?"



WAR ON BRAINS!

Selections from the highly classified special report to the White House staff by the Confidential Policy Committee on Education.

... The fact is, "compulsory" education is an intrusion into the freedom, and hence the very integrity, of the American family. Many teachers are perfectly good Americans, but some are always reds or homos or whathave-you. If your child has to go to public school, because you can't afford private tuition, then you have no control over the influence of this type trash to which he is exposed, continually, five days a week, ten

...The administration's avowed and concrete policies clearly call for a moratorium on literacy in certain socioeconomic and cultural sectors. The syndrome is notorious, that when economically underutilized individuals are taught to read and write, inevitably some actually begin to read newspapers and books, which advise them of the causes and consequences of their economic underutilization. Then they become sources of interruption and complication in public affairs. The same is true of non-English-speaking, unacculturated ethnics such as your Hispanics, East Asiatics, etc. A moratorium on literacy would at least partially minimize future interruptions and complications from this potentially vola-

...They just sit there on their little buns ten months out of the year: seats, desks, books, shelter, even communal naked showers, all on the public tab, ten months in the year, year after year. They could just as well be out there looking for work like everybody else, but no, they're warm and snug all winter long, on the public tab. This administration has a well-deserved reputation for boldness. What would be bolder than to chuck these preadolescent and adolescent leeches out in the streets at last, and turn these school buildings into juvenile preventive detention centers? Save 'em strictly for trouble-making teenage wiseacres, who you keep in there for two-three years; feed 'em the Bible, behavior-modification routines, launder their little brains out. Teach the little bastards "useful trades" like harness mending, hot-lead lithography, D.C. electronics maintenance....



1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS TENTH OF A MONTHLY

38 I HAVE AN ARCANUM WHICH IS called laudanum [opium], and which is superior to everything when death is to be cheated.

Paracelsus

9 IF EVERYONE TOOK TRANQUILIZ-ers, no one would need them.

O IT IS NOT "CHARAS" BUT A CURSE It burns the chest and heart to its

It brings in distress of the eyes. To phlegm and cough it must give rise. To blind the eyes it never fails. Or cripple limbs that once were whole. In what but death ends its sad tale?

Sindi proverb

I'LL BUY A HUGE PIECE OF MEAT, L cook it up for dinner, and then right before it's done, I'll break down and have what I wanted for dinner in the first place-bread and jam...all I ever really want is sugar.

> Andy Warhol, New York magazine, March 25, 1975

2 SMOKING IS PROBABLY THE LARG-est single preventable cause of ill health in the world.

H. Mahler, M.D., Director-General WHO, April 7, 1980 (World Health Day)



other would be smoking in your place".

MY DOCTOR HAS ALWAYS TOLD ME to smoke. To this advice he adds, "Smoke, my friend: if it weren't for that, an-**Erik Satie**

WORDS ARE, OF COURSE, THE MOST powerful drug used by mankind. Rudyard Kipling



NORFOLK, VA. (AP)-AN ATLANTIC Fleet spokesman says the Navy has sent a classified message to the fleet warning that a certain brand of rum available in the Caribbean area may contain marijuana.

New York Post, May 24, 1970

BEFORE I COULD CONTINUE, A BOY who was sitting on the floor a few feet away from us broke in, "Don't you want to know why I smoke pot, man?...I smoke pot because it's the next best thing to getting screwed!"

Father Roland Melody, S.J., in Narco Priest, 1971

I GOT SICK FROM SCOTCH AND cream soda, so I didn't have soda after that.

Teenage alcoholic, Rolling Stone, May 31, 1979

IN TIME OF WAR, WHEN THE DRUM beats, only opium and daru [a strong wine| drive out fear.

Rajput proverb

9 JUNK IS THE ULTIMATE MERCHAN-dise. The junk merchant does not sell his product to the consumer, he sells the consumer to the product. He does not improve and simplify his merchandise, he degrades and simplifies the client.

William Burroughs

ACID CONSUMES 47 TIMES ITS OWN weight in excess reality. American, 1978

ALMOST EVERY DRUG THAT IS NOW **51** condemned as addictive was warranted by the official medical establishment as extremely useful and non-addictive when it was first introduced.

> Lester Grinspoon, M.D., and Peter Hedblem, Saturday Review, July 8, 1972

152 ALTER REALITY THRU POLITICS, not psychedelics. '60s slogan

AN INCREASED RATE OF MISCAR-riages or stillbirths has been observed among the wives of dentists who use nitrous oxide.

> "Sperm Found Especially Vulnerable to Environmental Toxins," New York Times, Mar. 10, 1981, p. C3



154 DRINK, AND SMASH YOUR GLASS—and if anybody doesn't like it, smash his face in.

> Russian saying, Samizdat Register, 1977

I DON'T HAVE A BAD TIME 55 I DON'T HAVE A BAD T I don't need to come For I have become an amphetamine bum. If you don't like sleeping And don't want to screw Then you should take lots of amphetamine too . . .

> Peter Stampfel, "New Amphetamine Shriek," (song) 1965

ANYTHING FOR Z



























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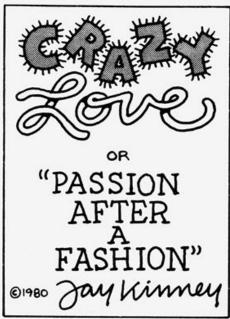
FORTUNATELY, SO WERE SOME OF HIS

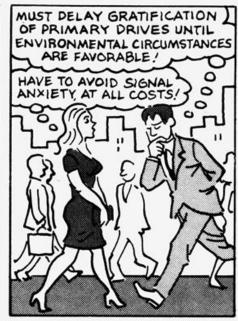


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PERSONALS

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Prisoner seeks correspondence and friendship. All letters answered. Write: JIM W. ROBERTS, PO. Box C-12740, San Quentin, CA 94974.

White male in California prison would like to write young ladies 18-30. Will answer all. DENNIS MORRIS, Box C16240 [4-B-40], Tamal, CA 94974.

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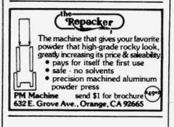
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THE YELLOW PERIL

continued from page 51

was generally conceded that the Chinaman had no place in the United States of America whatever. When the AFL was finally officially chartered in 1886, the delegates triumphantly called for the physical expulsion of all Orientals from America: "By force is the only way to remove the coolies and twenty days is enough to do it in." The newly founded American Pharmaceutical Association made a big deal out of excluding smoking opium from their approved pharmacopoeia, officially declaring, "If the Chinaman cannot get along without his 'dope', we can get along without him."

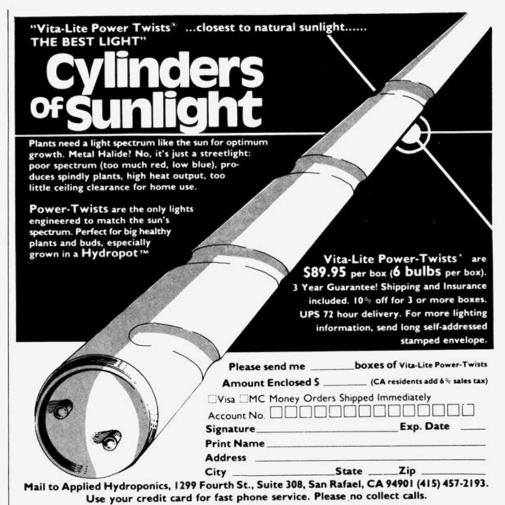
Still, some Yellow Peril formula was necessary if the proper sort of jingoistic fervor were to be maintained over the issue of the Chinese and drugs. And the formula was duly developed, at the advent of the 1890s, in the tabloids of William Randolph Hearst. It came to be called "yellow journalism," and it sounded like this:

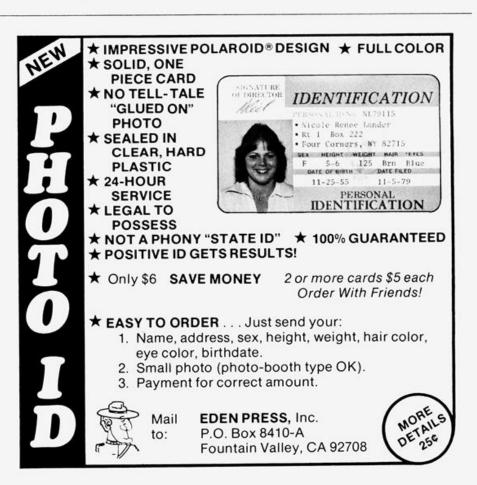
Most of us know vaguely about the colony of Celestials that clusters about the lower end of our wonderful Bowery, but there are not many who know of the hundreds of American girls who are drawn into it each year from tenement houses and cigarette and box factories to become the associates of the Mongolian. They are attracted by the color of the life that they find there, and the opium habit soon takes a hold on them which they cannot shake off. As for the Chinamen with whom they live, it must be said of them that they treat these girls more kindly and allow them more money and a wider freedom than the roughs and their like of their own race, whose prey they might, in the natural order of things, become.

If 100,000 Chinese really couldn't ruin the job market for 30 million able-bodied white workers (this was beginning to wear thin, especially after the economy began to pick up), then there had to be something really supernaturally evil about the Chinamen to account for all the hate that was focused upon them. White women in thrall to the yellow man's narcotic, that was the formula. The opium busts, after that, started coming thick and fast:

A squad of policemen gave Chinatown a raking over on Sunday night last. They scooped in 34 pretty girls, none over 23 years of age, and the youngest 18. The prisoners had all been smoking opium, their associates being Chinamen and rough young men. One girl, not over 18 years of age, was found lying on one of the bunks, partly disrobed, sucking from a poisonous pipe, an ugly-looking Chinaman beside her Someone gave a signal and the Chinaman escaped.

In the fullness of time, it was unnecessary even to invoke the "ugly-looking Chinaman," since the sex angle sold so well. Opium and white women provided a special libidinous thrill for Americans, touching off in them something deliciously morbid: miscegenation without sex, white womanhood rav-







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ished not by a competitive ethnic male, but a fantasy of some alien pharmacology. Everyone was horrified by this unspeakable prospect. When Congress finally passed a total countrywide opium ban in the next decade, the "white-woman story" was the very cornerstone of the expert congressional testimony on which the bill was based: "One of the most unfortunate phases of the habit of smoking opium is the large number of women who have become involved with and were living as commonlaw wives or cohabiting with Chinese in Chinatowns of our various cities."

And if the yellow fiends were vicious enough to go after the white man's women with their seductive poison, what could keep them from molesting children?

Every antidrug campaign winds up with children; it's inevitable. The Sinophobe opium legend inevitably developed into this classic infantile hysteria. The San Jose Mercury, 8 October 1881:

In the great city of San Francisco, boys, yes and girls, with the look of cunning, blasé old men and women, sneak out of vile alleys in the Chinese quarter and elsewhere, out into the beautiful sunshine and refreshing seabreeze, with such expression of weariness, duplicity, vice, and recklessness combined on every face, that the busy passer-by stops to pity and abhor.

The foolish, misguided, crazy boy-deceiving father, mother, employer-who deems it something smart and clever to "visit a joint" or "to hit the flute". The poor young fool stifles both conscience and his nostrils, and pretends to look approvingly and with the eye of a connoisseur on the box of deadly poison, and holding in the flame the dirty bowl charged with the prepared, perforated ball, draws death, dishonor, and disease in one fatal inhalation eagerly into his system. It is the road to speedy decay and rapid dissolution. An idolatry that has slain more thousands than Juggernaut. It is the curse of China. An impending evil, that, transplanted here, if not rooted out, would, before the dawn of another century, decimate our youth, emasculate the coming generation, if not completely destroy the whole population of our coast.

This theme was most violently developed by none other than Samuel Gompers. In 1902 he composed a tract titled "Meat vs. Rice. American Manhood vs. Asiatic Coolieism-Which Shall Survive," as part of a lobbying effort for renewal of the Chinese Exclusion Act.

Chinese laundries, Gompers had determined, were everywhere pullulant with white orphans and kidnap victims, "tiny lost souls" forced to "yield up their virgin bodies to their maniacal yellow captors." Too righteously impassioned to keep up any consistent tense, Gompers raved on:

What other crimes are committed in those dark fetid places, when these little innocent victims of the Chinaman's wiles were under the influence of the drug, are almost too horrible to imagine-There are hundreds, aye, thousands, of our American girls and boys who have acquired this deathly habit and are doomed, hopelessly doomed, beyond a shadow of redemption.

The occasion of this delirium was the pending renewal by the United States Congress of the Chinese Exclusion Act, which banned the entry of Celestials into America from 1896 to 1942.* By this time Gompers, regarded as something like a saint for his profound moral commitment to American working men and women, was just as profoundly committed to the Yellow Peril myth. "The superior whites," he said, "had to exclude the inferior Asiatics by law, or if necessary, by force of arms....The Yellow man found it natural to lie, cheat and murder and 99 out of every 100 Chinese are gamblers . . . The maintenance of the nation depended on maintenance of racial purity. It was contrary to the national interest to permit cheap labor that could not be Americanized and could not be taught to render the same intelligent service as was supplied by American workers:

Sinophobia, at bottom, was wonderfully apt for a host of purposes in American politics and culture over this era. There was a fundamental irrationality to it, of which everyone was perfectly aware, but against which absolutely no one spoke; only for the Chinese was it inconvenient, and the Chinese neither enjoyed any political power nor did they seek it. As the United States grew increasingly isolationist and xenophobic, politicos got far reciting patriotic Yellow Peril myths; their inventiveness in fabricating new twists to it effectively demonstrated how fervent was their love for America. This irrationality is with us still, as Dr. Thomas Szasz points out: "Significantly, while no educated person still believes the ugly nonsense heaped on the Chinese for decades by leading American authorities, most educated persons still believe the ugly nonsense heaped on opium"

In 1911 an access of irrationality was reached in the California Supreme Court, in the case of an opium defendant named Yun Quong. Yun had challenged the constitutionality of the state's antiopium law on the simple due-process ground that the statute had no relation to reality. Yun provided abundant evidence that opium had never harmed him or caused him to harm anyone else or to steal or destroy property. Whereat the court, in upholding the conviction in spite of everything, put into legalese the convenient aberration which still, to this day, makes drug legislation a very special category of jurisprudence:

The validity of legislation which would be necessary or proper under a given state of facts does not depend on the actual existence of the supposed facts. It is enough if the lawmaking body may rationally believe such facts to be established.

The key word is rationally. It would have been madness for the court to have thrown out the California opium law that year, in

^{*}It was lifted when China became necessary to the Allied effort in World War II; in 42 also, Chinese Americans finally won the right to vote.

which all the most solid national authorities, from Congress to the medical establishment, were gearing up to slap a national ban on the import of opium. The Hearst press was campaigning for it madly; the papers were spilling over with Yellow Peril. A judge would have been totally irrational to risk his career by admitting to the harmlessness of opium. One of the most prominent antiopium gong bangers just then was Col. Charles Blinn, a veteran narcotics agent on the San Francisco customs dock. Blinn was bursting with sheer American exuberance as he described for the papers, time and again, how he combed every Chinese ship that fell into his clutches, just by policy:

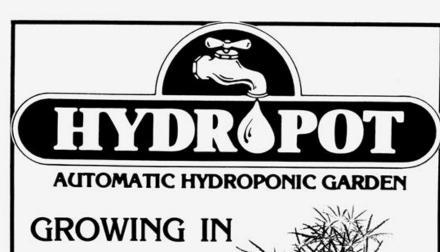
Leave it to the Chink when it comes to smuggling hop....For instance, while you're breaking your neck peeking into a ventilator the Chinks are standing by, empty-faced, giving you the ha-ha. Probably while you're ripping up things in the galley the No. 1 boys, gliding around in their soft felt slippers, are shooting the five tael tins down into the engine-room, and when you're busy sticking your prod into a boiler tube the Chinks are shifting the dope into the music box in the social hall....The Chink has the game down to a science. If you had 100 secret service agents sitting in rocking chairs around the deck and a dozen searchlights beaming over the ship the slippery yellow men would be getting the contraband off just the same; which means no disrespect to the service. They're regular sleight-o'hand performers, these Chinks.

The relentless circular reasoning here—the less drug the round-eye finds, the more he's justified in terrorizing the slant-eyes-also holds in police circles to this day, in the very special area of drug enforcement. By this time, however, there actually did exist a Chinese opium-smuggling industry; local opium bans had made it necessary, and so at last the venerable Yellow Peril myth was more than just an ugly play of opportunistic rhetoric.

Authentic Chinese Triads were moving opium into the Chinatowns of the West Coast and New York City at this time: The Hip Song Tong and the On Leong Tong conducted a lively and colorful competition, punctuated with plenty of classic drug-ring skulduggery, murder, and operatic violence. The police and press had a grand time too, turning up opium in consignments of hundred-year-old eggs, birds' nests, petrified duck, and fresh lemons. RAID CHINESE LAUNDRY, GET OPIUM . . . CHOP SUEY PLANT A BLIND FOR OPIUM . .

Sinophobia pretty much ended by the 1920s, though Charles Dana Gibson would once in a while sketch a group of his immaculate Girls inside an opium den, lolling their long pipes in their laps, gazing down in demure intoxication at their magnificent alabaster cleavage, idly accepting a light from the talented fingers of a sinister Mandarin attendant. Any time a white woman got arrested in proximity to a Chinaman, it still made the front pages. But the Yellow Peril was definitely passé by the '20s.

There were new sorts of drugs around by then. And there were new scapegoats.



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THE TUNAS TRIAL TAKE TWO

To understand the obstruction-of-justice trial that followed the Tunas' conviction on the RICO charges, two incidents that occurred during the trial must be related. One is known to the defense lawyers as the Harry Brown number-"Home Run" Harry Brown from Philadelphia. Brown was an informant sent by the government to hit on Meinster and Platshorn in August 1979. This character offered the two Tunas false passports and the protection of the Mafia, plus \$2 million Home Run Harry had access to. All theirs for the taking. However, it turns out Brown had no Mafia connections and certainly nothing like a couple of million bucks. But Brown was being paid by the government to set up a scenario whereby it appeared that Meinster and Platshorn were attempting to flee the country. This gave the court the excuse to revoke bail on the Tunas. This was the first bit of psyching the government put on the judge.

The second episode involved a bozo named Drew Gordon. Gordon was locked up in the Florida Correctional Institution for impersonating a DEA agent. According to the Strike Force attorneys, Gordon was brought there to provide information on illegal DEA activities. Gordon's contention was that he held plenty of bad dirt on corrupt politicians, judges and agents. Gordon contacts the Strike Force and says Meinster and Platshorn who were total strangers to Gordon-came to him and revealed intricate plans to intimidate and/or eliminate witnesses. The Strike Force attorneys immediately went to the judge with this information, knowing quite well of Gordon's reputation as an irresponsible magpie. Having planted another prejudicial seed in the judge's mind, the prosecution then revealed that Drew Gordon had failed a lie-detector test. Judge King, however, was duly impressed with Gordon's fabrication and for the first time in his tenure ordered electronic screening for all visitors to the courtroom except government personnel. The jurors passing through the screener had to notice their courtroom was the only one in the building equipped with one; this had to put some paranoia in their minds and force them to take a more suspicious look at the defendants.

The third number that finally drove the judge to obstruction fever occurred in November 1979. The government went to the judge once again with charges that Platshorn and Meinster were involved in a terrible conspiracy to disrupt the trial, injure and intimidate witnesses and even kill the judge himself. Then on December 6, four weeks after the judge had been informed of this alleged conspiracy, the government sprang the same story on the Tunas, their lawyers and the public. Meinster and Platshorn were indicted on obstruction charges immediately, at the same time Tuna Randall Fisher was indicted for attempting to bribe the juror, Karen Youvas. Platshorn and Meinster were later acquitted of the obstruction charges, with the government admitting there was never any evidence of a plot to kill the judge. Fisher and Youvas along with Lynne Platshorn were convicted, however. The government succeeded, however, in their manipulation of the judge. As defense attorney Dennis Cogan stated in his brief filed on appeal: "There can be no mistaking the trial judge's state of mind resulting from these allegations....The court also made revealing statements regarding the belief that his life was in jeopardy. The judge was so misled by the government and so obviously enraged that he arrived at broad sweeping conclusions that all but completely eradicated any application of the presumption of innocence to the instant defendants."

Judge King, following the obstruction indictments:

"The American people have every right to expect and indeed the Constitution guarantees that every court proceeding in the United States District Court of this country be conducted honestly, fairly and impartially.

"The evidence that I have heard during the proceedings clearly convince me that defendants in this trial have done all in their power to disrupt the proceedings and to destroy the integrity of this jury and the entire proceedings.

"They have exhibited nothing but contempt for the whole process in spite of every effort on the part of at least this judge to insure that they each and every one receive a fair trial."

Yes, well... this baleful pronouncement must have been sonorously intoned as though it were being transcribed directly into marble. Beneath the ponderous verbiage is the heartbeat of a frightened man, a man easily swayed by manipulative government agents. Such a man should not be serving on the bench of a federal court handing down sentences of such Draconian extremes as those strapped on the Tunas-it is a too frightening thought.

BLACK TUNA

continued from page 78

"I assume they were speaking about killing the judge."

Ya-hoooga! Off went the reporters to the phones, just like in The Front Page, and the judge fell into a "shocked silence". The jurors, of course, were not present in the courtroom, sequestered as they were following the removal of Karen Youvas. Judge King drew himself to the fullness of his station, revoked the bonds of all the defendants. saying, "They have exhibited nothing but contempt for the judicial process." The fate of the Tunas was sealed, the trial would run its course under that headline on the 38th anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor: MURDER JUDGE. Yes, well...it might be seen, years later, by another observer looking back on the events that week, that Judge King's words were accurate, only they were directed to the wrong side of the case.

Just about frog-fucked and bleeding . . . —old swamp talk

Bleeding becomes increasingly popular... —Chester Patton

Red means run, son. Numbers add up to nothin'.

When the first shot hit the door, I saw it comin',

Raised my rifle to my eye, never stopped to wonder why

Then I saw black and my face splashed in the sky.

Shelter me from the powder and the finger.

Cover me with the thought that pulled the trigger.

—Neil Young, "Powderfinger"

Miami. See It Like A Native.

Black notes from the drain of America: I'm not feeling well here. The TV in my hotel room is bringing me Jerry Falwell on one channel and a full-color biopsy procedure on another. It is Sunday morning and I must have gotten out of hand last night: My lungs and head feel as if they have been invaded by a dozen ravenous shrews and now this motherfucker on TV is talking about enemas! Good God, no wonder they're having a tourist slump down here. Some poor hungover bastard snaps on his set expecting to get an NBA game and there he finds enema instructions... This I don't need, enough is enough. Cancerous breasts and enema talk? Scores of short Jewish people coming at me on the other channel, their hearts full of song and bewilderment. Manatee survival promo film, "Please don't slice up these gentle creatures with your twin screw powerboats." What a laugh. Human life is cheaper than a weekend in the Bahamas down here. Christ, it's cheaper than sirloin steak. Later we get a Cocaine Economy series on the local news, followed by a brain-bypass surgery. Then there's the Miami staple: murder. Lots and lots of murder. Homicide reports in Miami are like weather reports in other parts of the country. "Light caliber gunfire in the morning followed by heavy automatic rounds in late afternoon. Chance of bombing tonight clearing sometime tomorrow..."

Senseless violence has spilled over from the gang wars. The random argument now becomes a full-bore shootout. Traffic mishaps, jostling in lines, missed putts... anything is an excuse to open up on full auto. A few quirky reports: a couple of Cuban droguerros found stiff up at DisneyWorld, taken for that final ride. Woman found near Lauderdale, nude, covered with dirt and insect bites and in a shallow grave. She can't remember a thing. Blanko. Nada. A mind as blank as Nancy Reagan's smile.

All too weird. Burgled my room this morning for a sizable sum, another night of depression. Cranked-up and adrenalized only to come apart like a house of cards. Truly a desperate act. I knew this story would cave in on my fugitive psyche, this sordid business tiled with lies and dubious lawyers and venal operatives and scurvy, second-story bums and foreign

ll through December and on into January the newspapers continued to allude to the "plot to kill the judge." In fact, the only incidence of violence reported in connection with the trial was when the son of a witness testifying against Jiminez, on whose testimony the prosecution's case rested, was beaten by four men in a parking lot. The kid was told, "You

Jiminez had been connected to the firebombing of a restaurant in retaliation for a drug-deal burn. At the same time, Jiminez was linked to a murder in connection with the same deal. All of this led to a grand-jury indictment of Jiminez, who immediately began promising the authorities a much bigger fish: the Tunas. By the time of his indictment, however, Jiminez had been fired from the South Florida Auto Auction for fencing stolen goods and running his own little cocaine act out of the auction's offices.

better not testify against Ray Jiminez."

Throughout the trial Jiminez was repeatedly caught in "conflicting statements," "im-

DRUGS TIED TO TUNA GANG PARTIES

greedheads with garbled accents. Better to keep this honed, thought through clearly. Always a temptation to take off with the central subject and blow up...sickness spurs one on as does the lack of money.

Going to report the theft to the hotel desk, I am faced with a dipshit all done out in blond. Archly informs me nothing like that has ever happened at the hotel in the two and a half years he has worked there. Looks at me as if I were some broken-down grifter attempting a pathetic short con. "If you think you've been robbed, why don't you report it to the police?" the wuss asks. Goddamn right. This pathetic attempt at making me feel as if I have somehow sullied the fine reputation of the hotel by rudely allowing myself to be ripped off in one of its rooms sent me into a palsied rage.

I made it a point to query the Coral Gables cop on previous thefts at the hotel when he arrived later in the afternoon. "All the time. Here, anywhere. You name it." Thanks, offisa. Further, I learned there was more to be feared than mere robbery in the secure hotel. Five weeks before my arrival a door to one of the residential suites was kicked in, the young couple inside was blown efficiently away and a two-month-old baby and a paper bag containing \$55,000 in cash were left behind. Anyone who had the misfortune to open their door at any time during the snuff would have been made to taste their own blood. Without a doubt. There is no secure haven in Miami. The upper-middleclass enclave of Coral Gables or the grim freefire zone of Liberty City...you could go down quite easily in either locale. Miami has the highest murder rate in the United States. It has held that dubious title for two straight years. The homicide rate increased 75 percent in 1980 over that of the previous year. The statistics thus far in 1981 are ahead of 1980's rampant rate.

possible" testimony and outright fictions during cross-examination. In any other trial than this, Jiminez could not be considered a credible witness. Since that is all the government prosecution had, along with George Purvis, Jr., he was supported all the way. Besides, at this point the trial was now dominated by the "death plot," the obstruction-of-justice charges and the bribing of a juror. All of this was reinforced each day for the jurors, the press and public by the unnerving show of force in and out of the courtroom. Marshals carrying machine guns outside the courtroom, shackled defendants, and the judge constantly guarded by at least three armed marshals at all times. When Judge King traveled to and from court, he was in a caravan: one van full of marshals in front of the judge's car and one following. The Tunas were no longer on trial as marijuana smugglers but as potential assassins. The judge's actions alone reinforced this perception day after day. And he was supposed to be impartial, right? So, if he is walking around with a phalanx of armed guards, nervously anticipating a sudden grenade attack, there must be something to these charges, right? Is it not possible that a juror might have such thoughts? Right away, presumed innocence dies in that juror's mind.

The morning I was ripped off I went to the office of Rebekah Poston, Gene Myers's attorney. Poston's eyes are so blue, so penetratingly lucid, you could cut diamonds with them. Or start your car off their electricity when they fill with emotion. The predominate emotion Poston has in regards to the Tuna case is anger—smoldering, but still anger.

Prior to my leaving for Miami, I spoke continued on page 102

Z A P P A



The Stranglers, one of the best groups to have emerged out of the British new-wave music of the past five years. are as famous for their anarchic, outrageous behavior as for their crisp, hard-driving music. Their most recent release, The Gospel According to the Men in Black, references the strange phenomenon of alien men in black who appear after UFO sightings and other parapsychological episodes [see "Men in Black," HIGH TIMES, February '80]. HIGH TIMES arranged a meeting of the continued on page 100

BY JOHN SWENSON

IN OUR LAST EPISODE, FEARLESS FRANK HAD ONCE AGAIN SINGLE-HANDEDLY TAKEN ON THE EVIL FORCES OF THE RECORDING/REPRESSION industry with a morality play, called Joe's Garage, of such devastating invective that even his closest advisers urged him to mask the concept in a one-record package of "hits." Joe's Garage portrayed a future world in which music was outlawed, and Zappa's conspiracy theory, as explained in his text notes to the record, was that the scenario is already occurring, with Reagan, the ayatollah and record-company presidents all in on it. Naturally, the result of this revelation was that Zappa's relationship with yet another record company bit the dust, and millions of copies of Joe's Garage ended up gathering dust on shipping-room floors and riding the cut-out market into the discount stores.

Undaunted, Zappa went back to the drawing board to plan another offense against the evil forces of bland music. His latest projects involved hosting one of the very few live performances of music by Edgard Varèse and assembling his own record label, Barking Pumpkin Records, to release future projects. Just before the Varèse concert at New York's Palladium, Zappa had some acid comments to make regarding the press.

"If it were not for the actions of your industrial ancestors," he pointed out, "that is, people who wrote about music over the last fifty years, this concert would not be necessary; by that I mean this concert as a means of bringing Varèse's music to the public in a positive light and going to some extremes to do that. This process would not be necessary if it weren't for the actions of the music critics functioning in the United States during the last fifty years, because they put Varèse out of business. They made it impossible for him to earn a living. He stopped composing for twenty-five years because of the stupidity of the people who were music critics at that time. If you were a composer in the olden days and you couldn't get any performances, you couldn't eat, you couldn't live, you couldn't write any music. The type of criticism that was directed at Varèse's music was so brutal that it had a very bad effect on him as a person, aside from the fact that it kept him poor most of his life. At one point he received a royalty check from his publisher for thirty-seven cents, except that it wasn't a check, it was stamps, because it would have cost too much to write him a check."

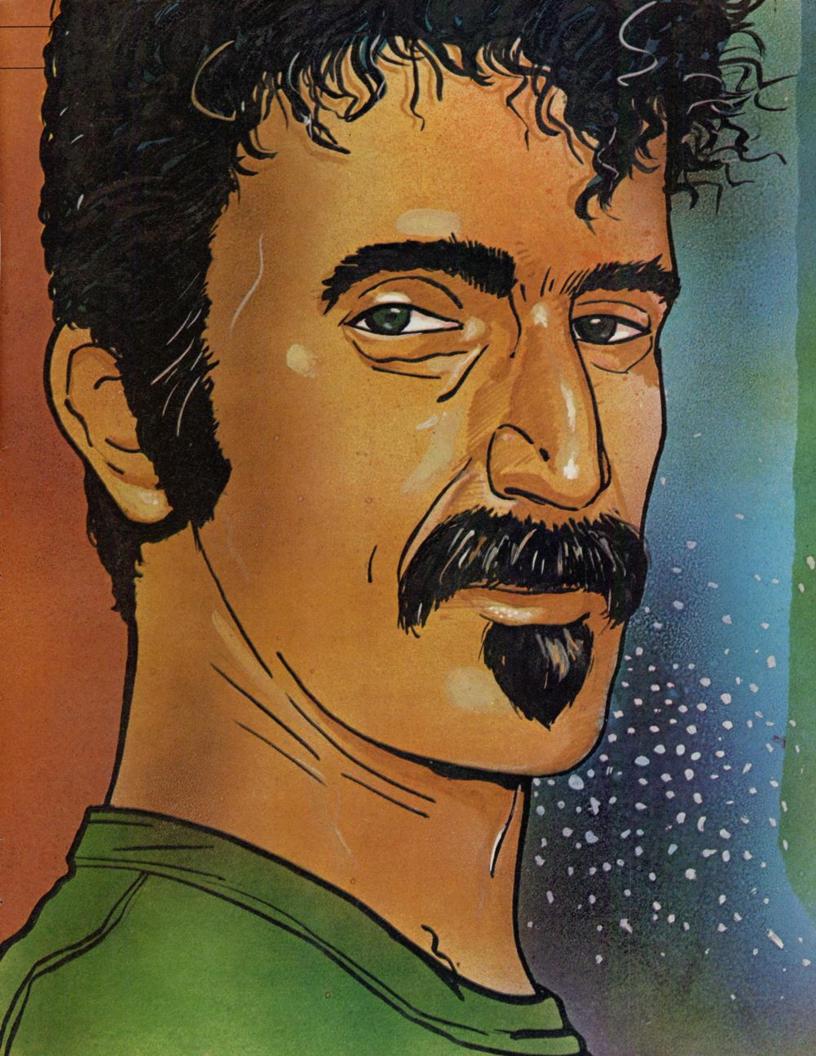
The Varèse concert turned out to be a musical and aesthetic triumph. Under the direction of Joel Thome, the Orchestra of Our Time performed five pieces, including the beautifully angular percussion composition "Ionization" and the challenging multimedia "Deserts," which pitches a small orchestra against a prerecorded tape of "electronically organized sounds." Zappa's contribution to the event was significant: His presence attracted a large crowd similar to the kind of audiences that come to the Palladium for his

own shows. There were a few tense moments at the start, when it seemed the audience might drown out the orchestra with cries for Zappa to play, but Frank channeled the energy deftly with one-liners like "No, we're not having the dance contest tonight."

The dance contest is on Tinseltown Rebellion, however, the new two-record set that kicks off Zappa's Barking Pumpkin label. With the exception of "Fine Girl," the whole record is culled from live performances, including one of the wilder dance contests from the Palladium in which Butch and Lena and Tom and Squeak are called up to the stage to dance with Zappa, "like you've never danced before." Zappa is known as a cynical misanthrope, but he's actually a pretty nice guy who cares about his fans, as his audience-participation numbers prove. He's been pulling people onstage for the dance concerts for over a decade now. I recall once at the Fillmore East when he brought a girl up who was obviously tripped out. While Frank went through his routine, the girl was obviously starting to freak out. Zappa, in what might seem like an uncharacteristic mood, realized what was happening and embraced her, calming her down before returning her to the audience.

Zappa's live shows have always presented his music at its best, and for several years now Zappa has recorded virtually every gig he's played. His studio is filled with two rooms of top-quality performance tapes, and he pointed out that with his process of assembling pieces of music from totally disparate sources, he could release an infinite number of records without ever playing another note himself. Tinseltown Rebellion is just the tip of the iceberg. The title track is brilliant; "Easy Meat" is a long, beautifully structured song with a majestic instrumental bridge; and the record closes with a new arrangement of one of Zappa's most famous songs, "Brown Shoes Don't Make It," followed by an amazing version of Zappa's "Peaches (En Regalia)" anthem, "Peaches III."

This is only part of the taped treasure trove Zappa's making available to his audience. Taking distribution into his own hands, Zappa's label is offering a mail-order deal on three instrumental records of his guitar solos accompanied by rhythm sections: Shut Up and Play Your Guitar, Shut Up and Play Your Guitar Some More and Return of the Son of Shut Up 'n Play Yer Guitar. "No songs to wait through!" Zappa hucksters. "No lyrics to disturb your imagination. All instrumental music. All selections never before released. If you are a guitar player or a guitar fanatic, these albums are a NECESSITY for your collection (or even if you're a drummer or a bass player, there's stuff on these albums that just might curl your toes up a little bit)." You can order this amazing record (or cassette) package (\$9.98 for one, \$18.98 for two, or \$27.98 for all three, plus \$1.50 postage and handling) from Barking Pumpkin Records. P.O. Box 5510, Terre Haute, IN 47805.



STRanglers

minds between the Stranglers' Jet Black and Jean Jacques Burnel and our resident ufologist and observer of the MIB. HIGH TIMES contributing editor John Keel. We begin with Black's explanation of the Stranglers' interest in this matter:

Black: After many years of deliberation on the whole subject of what the fuck's going on, I reached the conclusion that all of these religions around the world were fundamentally evil. And the system is the complete opposite of what we should be doing. I was in the studio one day reading Flying Saucer Review, doing nothing at the particular moment, and Hugh [Cornwall, the Stranglers' guitarist] picked it up and said, "Wow, this is really strange." Then Jean read it, and they got really interested in the subject. So we wrote that song in the studio called "The Men in Black," which was sort of a satirical look at the thing. Then later the whole band became more and more interested in the subiect and we decided to do a whole album roughly on that

Keel: You haven't met any people in England who have had contact with the men in black, have you? The real so-called

men in black? Black: No.

Keel: There have been cases in England. Infact, I used some in my books. They are rare, but there have been cases. It's mostly in the U.S. that we've seen these characters going around in their black Cadillacs.

There are a lot of MIBs mixed in with a lot of other things. I mean, that's a generic term, where anybody, any stranger in a black suit, is an MIB. We have many MIB anecdotes in witchcraft and black magic. Aleister Crowley's biography includes his encounters with these mysterious men in black. They've been around a long time and they've covered every level of our society, and the fact that they turn up in our UFO cases is not unusual-they turn up in everything. They turn up in religion and in all kinds of cult affairs. Black: Do you think that UFOs

Keel: No, I think it's much more complicated than that. They're either intradimensional or they're based here somewhere on the earth and always have been—there's just too much of this going on all the time. They want us to think they're extraterrestrial and that way they're safe. We can't go after them if

are extraterrestrial?

they come from another planet. There have been a lot of mysterious things going on in Scandinavia for years, which suggests to me that there's some kind of base in Scandinavia.

I understand you saw a UFO in England.

Black: Well, it was at night, and it was just like a bright light, an intensely bright light, and it came towards me and it stopped and it moved up and down and then zoomed away. I live in the part of England, the west country, where there's a huge amount of UFO activity.

huge amount of UFO activity. Keel: You know, back in 1909 they had a lot of sightings in England, especially around Wales, and there were some men-inblack stories in the newspapers of that year. After these things appeared, these men in black suits would show up with cameras and take pictures and talk in a foreign language, and the newspapers reported it. In the U.S. we had had guite a lot of activity in 1897, 1896. There were some men-in-black stories, especially out of San Francisco. So it's been going on a hell of a long time.

Burnel: Since we've started to get involved with the men-inblack thing, an incredible number of things have happened to us. Black: Yes, we've had a lot of problems.

Burnel: We've been imprisoned twice—all of us have been imprisoned in the last twelve months; we've had all our equipment stolen—which we've accumulated over five or six years. Stolen, just disappeared, everything. Then we found out that we weren't insured as we thought we were.

Black: We were on the edge of bankruptcy, our affairs were totally mismanaged, no American record company wanted to put this album out.

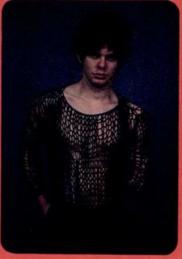
Burnel: We've had a few deaths on us: two people, young bloke of about 24, and another bloke of about 25. One developed cancer.

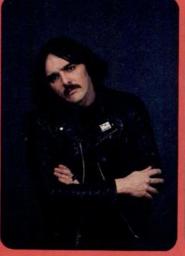
Black: Have you had any houses burn down or anything?

Keel: No, but I've had a lot of problems. I've had a lot of strange things happen. I've had a lot of trouble with my telephone and the mail. I went through a very paranoid period when everything seemed to go wrong, and on top of that I had trouble with our tax people here, the IRS, and they were probably tapping my telephone too.

Black: Oh great, that's what we have to look forward to.









HIGHTES

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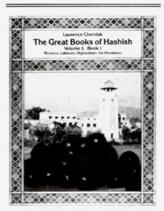
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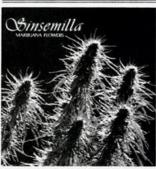
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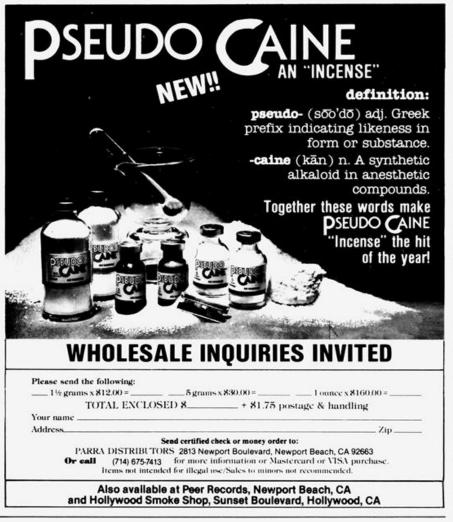
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BLACK TUNA

continued from page 97

with Rebekah over the phone. She casually dropped this little claymore on my ears: "You heard about the cocaine in the jury room, didn't you?" Say wha? "I'll tell you about it when you get here."

So "here" I was in Poston's office ready to listen.

"What I'm concerned about right now are the drugs they found in the common room at the hotel where the jurors are staying. After they were convicted and started serving some of their time, we were notified that during the time the jury was deliberating, a deputy marshal found some cocaine in the common room. Found it, took it back and had it tested. Found it was cocaine and then it was ordered destroyed. Nobody was informed at the time. Allegedly the judge was not informed, the prosecution not told. And in all other cases where such things have occurred, whether the jurors had been drinking, taking drugs or something during the course of the trial, the marshals bring this to the attention of the court. And you make a judgment call at that time.

"Well, if they are liberal enough to be using the drugs, you either leave them on the jury or you go ahead and question them. But at least you present the record and you either get a mistrial or go ahead and take your shot. We didn't know anything about it. This is during deliberations, after the disruption testimony. So what we do is file a motion to have an evidentiary hearing. Put the deputy marshals under subpoena, try to find out how much cocaine and exactly who was involved. The law says basically you have to show the juror was incapacitated at the time the testimony was going on or at the time of deliberation."

Rebekah takes a pull at her diet soda before going on with a brief sigh.

"And we didn't have enough. The point is: It had been covered up. A month had already passed. So how were we able to prove a cover-up in the marshal's office? We filed motions and affidavits from the lawyers. Not of the people who actually participated, because they were afraid of losing their jobs. So the judge said we don't have enough yet and I'm not going to do anything. Which is sort of what we expected.

"The day I filed my plea to get a hearing, the marshal called all the deputies in and had them give a statement. Then he went on Channel 7 [NBC affiliate] and made an announcement there was no cocaine. Since then I've made my own investigation. I interviewed the person who found it, the person who tested it and the person present when it was destroyed—none of whom were interviewed by the Office of Professional Responsibility, which I find rather interesting. They are going to give me affidavits.

"If we can show the jury is using, we can get an automatic reversal. But what juror is going to admit that? They might admit to grass, but not cocaine. The judge says, 'I'm not about to bring all these jurors back after they have spent five and a half months on this case and question them. But that's exactly what I want to do."

What was her client Gene Myers's role in all of this?

"Myers was a bodyguard, basically. Over six feet, two hundred pounds. He just came down to the auction one day. He had a great relationship with the Cubans, bought some cars from the auction, got along with Platshorn and often settled disputes. Basically, he protected Bobby Platshorn."

Typically, and to Myers's misfortune, Platshorn built Myers up to be a mob heavyweight from Cleveland, which is where Myers was from.

"He was a go-between. He settled disputes and kept the Cubans from breaking down Platshorn's door. He was there when the Cubans got on Platshorn's case, threatening his life and that of his son, and Myers stayed at Platshorn's house till things calmed down."

Out of this incident came the helicopter bomb run. Supposedly, a Cuban dealer, on the crosswires with Platshorn, got a phone call early one morning. At the same time, the Cuban heard and felt a dreadful slapping roar. The caller told him the noise he heard was a chopper holding a 55-gallon drum of diesel fuel ready to be dropped onto his house if he didn't come across with an agreement within 30 seconds. The Cuban acquiesced. Some people say that story is a fart in the wind, others just as close to the situation say it is true. The Cuban, now serving time in Florida, swears it's true. It sounds just coked-up enough in its logistics to be muy exactamente.

Poston on the witnesses for the prosecution:

"Ray Jiminez. The first day of the trial Jiminez filed an affidavit that I threatened him and coerced him. We had gone to interview him and he made me empty my purse out. Then he filed an affidavit that I threatened to kill him and his family."

Jiminez made the same wild accusation at least two other times during the course of the trial. Whenever he began faltering in cross-examination, he began spewing fantastic scenarios of imminent doom for himself and his family.

"Unknown to Platshorn and Meinster, Jiminez, along with this guy Kojak, was running cocaine and a fence operation through the auction. They were running coke through the Cubans. Then he gets a subpoena from a grand jury in Tampa and he just flipped over. He's basically a chicken and insecure, could never stand up to pressure. He conned almost everybody, though he wasn't that heavy. By just being around, it didn't take very much for him to figure things out. He proved to be a liar on the stand. Here's the most damning witness against Gene Myers and Myers gave him a job, made the down payment on his house. Jiminez is on witness protection. The others? Larry Richter, a real-estate agent who dummied up the leases: unindicted cocon-

continued on next page

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BLACK TUNA

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spirator. Moe Keller! Dr. Moe Keller who was indicted and perjured himself under another judge, who took the fifth ten times under my cross-examination. And he had his own little coke factory in the Grove all the time. He's out."

The prosecution?

"The prosecution never felt Myers was in the same category as Platshorn and Meinster. He got a terrible sentence [33 years]. Dana Biehl came up to me and said, 'I've been in the section in Washington where I've always reviewed the Continuing Criminal count and I've never seen a guy indicted and convicted on less evidence than your client.' So I says, 'Well, Dana Biehl, if that's how you feel, then why don't you do something about it?' But he wouldn't. Those guys were absolute, glorious victors! Biehl's back in Washington and travels around the country with the narcotics section. Jack Brown left and went into private practice in Philly. And Walter Schroeder. Schroeder had a nervous breakdown during the trial. He couldn't handle the pressure. He was trying to cut all kinds of

I looked at Poston and got flickers of the kind of pressure this lawyer could bring to bear. It was an unpleasant sensation. A nervous breakdown *could* be quite possible for anyone subjected to those eyes and voice for extensive periods of time.

"I had them down to five years on one

count and two years on the other. We were killing their witnesses on cross-examination. And then this thing with tampering. Until then they just wanted to get home to D.C. and plead the thing out.

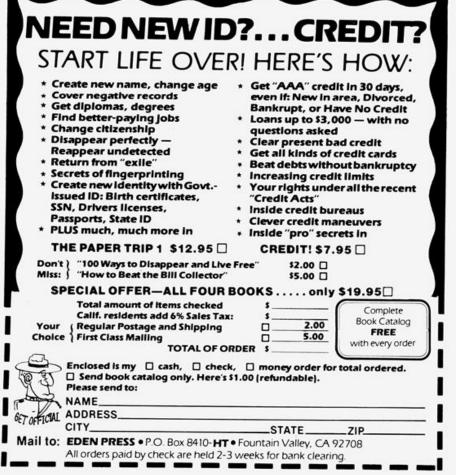
"The thing that's so bad about this judge, although he denied knowing anything about all this [the tampering], the day the strike force walked in behind closed doors with this alleged tampering attempt, things like threats on the judge's life, the judge played out this part on the bench as though this was the first time he had heard of all this. But later, when we got into the investigation and unsealed some of the transcripts, we found he knew about it all along. He knew it was going on and that's why he had the security set up. He said it was because of the Iranian situation!

The judge, in my opinion, believed everything that was written in the newspapers. Giving credit where it is due, given as many problems as this case had, he ran the trial very well. Efficiently and accommodating what was going on. It was the kind of case that a judge dreams of because it attracted a lot of attention and was blown up to be such a big operation. I think the judge has an idea of what he thinks crime is like out there, but I don't think he has any idea what it is like at all. You know, I firmly believe that the judge believes that the cocaine motion that I filed was a ruse or a plant by the defense. I think he was absolutely prejudiced and biased. If you ask me who I think profited in this case, I would say the judge profited."

The individual Tunas are spread out now through the various prisons in the United States. The informers are out there somewhere ready to turn over for a few bucks more under different names. The lawyers have filed the appeals, which will take a year to bear a decision. The DEA has gone on to bigger busts and the cry of "War on Drugs" is heard keening once again across the land. The Tunas are nearly forgotten by anyone, save a few lawyers, agents and prosecutors, and the judge; but Platshorn, Meinster, et al., served very well at the time. The Tunas went down for a myriad of sins, very few of which were their own, while the Black Tuna himself is still alive and well, making the ends meet in Santa Marta, Colombia.

Rafael and I are sitting in a restaurant near Little Havana drinking rum and picking at cold camarones. I'm listening to another version of the chopper bomb run allegedly ordered by Bobby Platshorn. I'm starting not to care one flying fig one way or the other if the story is true or not. I'm starting to detest cocaine, though I don't turn it down when it glistens beneath my pliant nose. This raises tremors of self-loathing not long after my neural paths are thumping to the Peruvian marching beat. Ghastly face now appears at our table, smooth brown skin like a stingray's. Though the eyes are hidden behind dark glasses, it is quite apparent that this uninvited arrival, attired in cream linen suit and blue shirt, is under the influence of some dangerous drug. He speaks briefly with Rafael in Spanish. He wants to know what this cabrón is sitting with Rafael. I light a cigarette, feeling as if a bad scene out of Peckinpah is about to come down. Rafael tells him what I am. Then he tells me our friend is named Muela, "tooth". Muela smiles, showing a very long, pointed incisor. The smile disappears, just as suddenly as it came. I don't like where I am. I don't want to finish my drink. I don't care to talk about drugs and firebombs anymore. I decide to leave the unpleasant Muela with Rafael and go to the toilet.

Upon leaving the men's room, located at the rear of the restaurant, in an alcove behind the kitchen, I have suddenly the mouth of a gun barrel jammed behind my ear and the briefly met but now very familiar voice of Muela hissing in my other ear. "You like this, huh? You fucking hippie, you shit." Then Muela ground his teeth. How he did this without slicing his lips to shreds with that stiletto denture caught my curiosity but only for a second. Muela repeated the endearments accompanied by quick sniffs. As usual, I fumbled up the old chestnut. "What's going on, man?" Muela simply repeated the same two phrases. Is this all the English he knows? And for a very brief moment I thought it might be an elaborate joke played by HIGH TIMES editors Barkin, Sloman and La-Brasca...what cards...and the next moment I thought I would have to die in this Cubano snake pit, which galled the living hell out of me and the next moment...was Rafael, pulling the pistol from my ear and pushing Muela back to the wall. I stepped briskly from the alcove, returned to the table and said to the waiter, "Check, please."



CONNOISSEUR

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tainted. I say, Let's use it very specifically—when we're referring to the psychedeliclike experience of mind-space travel one occasionally gets from superior smoke—or just drop it entirely.

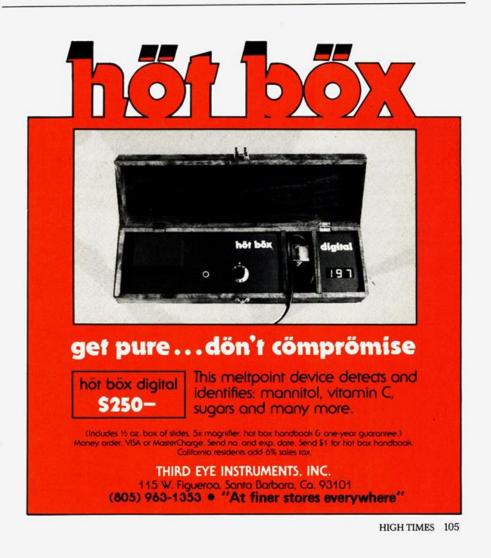
Wasted/Wrecked: Let's lump these two together, then fling the offensive lump into the offal heap. If you're going to get wasted and wrecked, if that's the highest elevation your consciousness can attain, do me a favor: Stay home and attain it, don't spoil my party with your whining swamp-gas exhalations of decay. Do you like being around people who are wasted and wrecked? Okay, start a pen-pal club, but keep those dreary words from polluting my stream of consciousness. Stoned: I've never really liked this. There's always too much confusion with the dumbdrunk high, or the painful-martyrdom high (the true subject of Dylan's "Everybody must get stoned" anthem). Stoned: too dense, opaque, sterile, lifeless, painful, rock bottom, low down, insensitive, unsensuous, unfeeling, numb-dumb and stupid. That's my connotation of stoned. It's not my idea of getting high.

Twisted: This has always been a favorite of mine, because it's playful, has a nice Waylon & Willie outlaw country-music flavor to it, conjures up that shit-eatin' grin of delight when the weed starts to light up the cells in the other hemisphere of the brain. Then there's a nice biological aptness to getting twisted too: Twistedness is at the very heart of cellular life in the two gracefully twisted strands of DNA that can encode in their twistings all the wisdom evolution has been able to transfer. What do two strands of DNA do when they want to create life? They get twisted. Only negative connotation of the phrase: Chubby Checker.

Zoned: Has its charms. In fact, it surpasses getting high in at least one respect. Getting high often suggests, narrowly, a physical dimension-as in "The Empire State Building is higher than the Chrysler Building"whereas zoned suggests not merely a variation in height but a whole new frame of reference, perhaps a different realm of being. The phrase seems to have had a dual birth; there's an element of "twilight zone" and of Commander Cody's "Lost in the Ozone", and it may even be a play on suburban-American "zoning," pedestrial "zones," an American form of "Zone Buddhism," perhaps. In fact, it might be nice if zoned replaced spaced out. It's much more specific. Zonked: Kind of an earthy version of zoned. Zonk combines zone with conk in a way that suggests that zoned-out people will get a conk in the head for having it up there in the clouds. A little too much of the alcohol connotation, kind of dumb sounding, but we'll have to live with its immortality thanks to Zonker in "Doonesbury."

Maybe you readers have some local favorites or suggestions to add to my alphabet. The Connoisseur has an open mind. Send me some. □





LAST WORDS

Jan No Dezo



Lynn Goldsm

"You don't need me to come tell you no more thing. Look for yourself! Meditate. Take heed. And deal with this positive vibration."

From "Make Me to Hear Joy and Gladness; That the Bones That Thou Has Broken May Rejoice," chapter and verse from Bob Marley as witnessed by Ras Rose, *High Times*, August '80.



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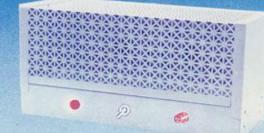
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